

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 51—No. 7.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1873.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
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CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY, SATURDAY, February 15.—The SIXTEENTH SATURDAY CONCERT AND AFTER-NOON PROMENADE.—Serenade in D, Op. 11 (Brahms); Violin Concerto (Mendelssohn); Overtures,—"Aba Hassan" (Weber), "Masaniello" (Auber), Mdle. Rizarelli and Mr. Edward Lloyd; Solo Violin, Herr Joachim. Conductor—Mr. MANNS. Reserved numbered stalls, Half-a-crown; Transferable Stall Tickets for the Ten Concerts, One Guinea. Admission to the Palace, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mdle. RIZARELLI will make her FIRST APPEARANCE at the SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY.

HERR JOACHIM at the SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY.

WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, FEB. 19.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Under the direction of Mr. John Boosey.—WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, Feb. 19, at Eight o'clock. Artists—Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Jenny Pratt, and Madame Patey; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Wallace Wells, and Mr. Santley. The London Orpheus Quartet. Pianoforte—Mr. Immanuel Lieblich. Conductors—Mr. J. L. Hatton and Mr. Lutz. Stalls, 6s.; Family Tickets (for four), 21s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s. Tickets of Chappell & Co., New Bond Street; Austin, St. James's Hall; Keith, Prowse & Co.; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

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ON TUESDAY, 18th FEBRUARY, 1873, MRS. FRANCIS TALFOURD'S Fifth Annual Vocal and Instrumental GRAND CONCERT will be given in aid of the above Institution, when the following eminent Artists and kind friends have generously promised their valuable services: Mdme. Thaddæus Wells, and Mdme. Demerice-Labache (from the Royal Italian Opera); Mr. Bernard Lane, and Signor Caravoglia (from the Royal Italian Opera); Mr. J. L. Hatton, and Signor Tito Mattel (celebrated Composer and Pianist to the King of Italy); Mrs. Francis Talfourd, Mrs. Tennent, Mr. Purdy, Mr. John Henry Croft.

Under kind and distinguished local patronage, and His Grace the Duke of Marlborough, the Most Hon. the Marquis of Salisbury, the Right Hon. Earl Granville, K.G. (Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports), the Right Hon. the Earl of Granard, K.G., the Right Hon. Earl Kenmare, the Right Hon. Lord Vaux of Harrowden, the Right Hon. Lord Fitzwalter, Sir George Bowyer, Bart., the Patrons, Vice-Patrons, and the Trustees of the Alexandra Homes.

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Conductors—Mr. J. L. HATTON and Signor TITO MATTEL.

Doors open at Half-past Seven o'clock, commence at Eight precisely.

Carriages may be ordered at Half-past Ten.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.—President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT; Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERT. SEVENTH SEASON, 1873.—The Concerts of this Society will be held as follows, viz.:

37th Concert Wednesday, February 19th.

38th do. Wednesday, April 2nd.

39th do. Wednesday, May 14th.

40th do. Wednesday, June 18th.

Full Prospectus is now ready, and may be obtained of Messrs. D. Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, and Messrs. Cramer, Wood & Co., 201, Regent Street; H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec.

MR. WALTER BACHE'S NINTH ANNUAL ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, Friday Evening, Feb. 22, St. James's Hall. Half-past Eight. List, 13th Psalm, (first performance in England.) Schumann's Concerto in A minor. Pianoforte—Mr. Walter Bache. Wagner's Huldigungs-Marsch (first time), &c. Vocalists—Miss Sophie Ferrari, Miss Georgina Maudsley, Mr. Henry Guy. Principal Violin—Herr Straus. Accompanist—Dr. Heap. Conductors—Mr. Manns and Mr. Walter Bache. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Area, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 81, New Bond Street; usual Agents; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

WAGNER SOCIETY.—FIRST CONCERT, FEB. 19, 1873, at Half-past Eight precisely. QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square. Orchestra of Eighty Performers. Vocalist—Herr Franz Diener. Conductor—Mr. Edward Dannreuther. "Tannhäuser" Overture. Prayer, "Rienzi." Selection, "Lohengrin." Overture and Introduction to Third Act, "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg." Kaiser Marsch. Tickets—Reserved, One Guinea; Unreserved, Half-a-Guinea. Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 81, New Bond Street; Schott, 159, Regent Street; A. Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and usual Agents; also at the Hanover Square Rooms.

BY SPECIAL DESIRE.

SIXTH AND LAST BRITISH ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, THURSDAY, Feb. 20, ST. JAMES'S HALL. Patron—H.R.H. The DUKE of EDINBURGH. Conductor—Mr. GEORGE MOUST. Madame Florencia Lancia, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Santley. Pianoforte—Mr. J. Francis Barnett. Clarinet—Mr. Lazarus. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 5s., 4s., 2s. and 1s., at usual Agents.

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"THE SNAPPED THREAD" (the favourite Spinning Song, by Elsdold,) will be sung by Madame SAUERBREY, at Herr Pieczonka's Second Pianoforte Recital, Victoria Hall, Bayswater, February 22.

MADAME SAUERBREY AND MADAME BAUM will sing Henry Smart's admired Duetto, "MAY," at Herr Pieczonka's Second Pianoforte Recital, Victoria Hall, Bayswater, February 22.

ASCHER'S "ALICE."

MADAME JOHN CHESHIRE (née MATILDE BAXTER) will perform Ascher's "ALICE" at the Grand Concert given under the patronage of the Directors of the Great Western Railway, at Swindon, on the 26th instant.

"MARY DEAR."

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing the admired song, "MARY DEAR," during his engagement in Glasgow and other towns in Scotland, during the present month.

SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA AND MADAME MARTORELLI GARCIA have returned to London to resume their Professional Engagements. For Concerts, Oratorios, and Pupils, address, 17, Lanark Villas, Maida Hill, W.

MISS ELIZA HEYWOOD (Contralto).—Communications respecting engagements for Oratorios and Concerts, to be addressed, Blenheim Terrace, Old Trafford, Manchester.

MR. JENNINGS.

MR. JENNINGS, for many years Principal OBOEIST, Manchester Gentlemen's Concert Society, Liverpool Philharmonic Society, Mr. Halle's Concerts, &c., begs to announce that he has quitted Manchester and taken up his permanent residence in London, and is free to accept Engagements. This announcement is rendered necessary, from the fact that his long connection with Liverpool and Manchester has for many years prevented his accepting Engagements in London. Address, 59, Shursted Street, Kennington Park, S.E.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. VAN PRAAG.

MR. VAN PRAAG, who has been for many years past well known to the members of the Musical Profession, and the public, as holding a responsible position at the principal Concert-rooms of the West End, is now, in his 74th year, and left without the means of sustenance and support. In addition to his failing health and strength, he has also recently become a widower, and is, by this sad bereavement, left alone, with not a relative in England to aid or take care of him. He has children in California who wish him to go out to them, and it is his own desire, notwithstanding his age and infirmities, to do so. Want of means for undertaking so long and expensive a journey, which his children are unable to supply, however, preclude the possibility of his leaving England. Under these sad circumstances, a few friends, well able to bear witness to his respectability, honesty, and courtesy in the discharge of the duties he has so "well and worthily fulfilled," are anxious to raise a Subscription in his behalf, to which contributions are earnestly and respectfully requested.

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* The above gentlemen (to whom references are permitted) are willing to receive contributions in Mr. Van Praag's behalf.

NOTICE.

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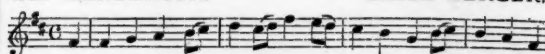
WORDS BY

(SONG.)

MUSIC BY

WM. HENDERSON.

EMILE BERGER.



Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May! What joys attend thine advent gay!

Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May!

What joys attend thine advent gay!

On every tree the birds sing;

From hill and dale glad echoes ring;

The lark, inspir'd, to heav'n ascends;

The gurgling brook in beauty wends

By mossy bank and grassy brae,

Where violets bloom and lambskins play.

Delightful Spring—sweet month of May

What joys attend thine advent gay!

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MR. DYER is favoured with instructions to Sell by Auction in the Premises, on WEDNESDAY next, February 19th, at one o'clock, the genuine Furniture and Effects, including a very handsome CHAMBER ORGAN, in Mahogany case, by Lincoln, comprising an Octave of Pedals, with Venetian Swell Pedal, and Shifting Movement blown by the feet or hand, 6 Stops, &c. In front, 15 gilt Pipes on crimson silk, &c. May be viewed by cards, to be obtained of the Auctioneer, at Blackheath, S.E.

THE STONE GUEST, A POSTHUMOUS OPERA BY DARGOMIJSKI.

BY W. VON LENZ.

The Russian composer, Dargomijski, a man of talent who pursued his own path independently of Glinka, left behind him the sketches of a score, treating in a perfectly novel manner, for the Russian lyric stage, Puschkin's celebrated fragmentary play of *The Stone Guest*. Inspired by a spirit of genuine patriotic devotion for their task, S. Guy (author of *Ratcliff*, and the first writer on the musical press in Russia) arranged and completed the sketches, while Rimsky-Korsakow, who is professor at the Conservatory, scored them in a masterly manner. After surmounting great obstacles with the most disinterested zeal, these admirers of the artist, so prematurely snatched away, produced the work at the Russian Opera previous to Passion Week. A skilful pianoforte arrangement has been published by Bessel, St. Petersburg. In the arrangement, and in the bills, the work is called a three-act opera. In order, however, that we may be in a proper position to judge it, we must above all things remark that, intentionally, and on principle, it does not agree with the signification attached to the term: opera. Speaking popularly, "in the complete pianoforte arrangement, there is neither anything to sing nor anything to play; there is only Puschkin's poem to read, with chords, progressions, and figures in the recitative style underneath." We perceive a three-act recitative, and it is a matter of doubt whether the dramatic action would gain anything by the music, and prove superior if represented in this form, to what it would be if declaimed in the ordinary way. Every scenic representation most decidedly loses something of its intelligibility, and of its impressiveness, whenever the music, which supports it on the basis of the given dramatic idea, possesses no intrinsic value, the possession of such a value being a vital condition for all dramatic music, whatever the name given it. Whenever verses intended for the stage are intoned by a singer, without the act of intonation growing into a melody possessing value and significance, the result will be a cross between declamation and musical intonation; in other words, a split, robbing the words of the effect most peculiar to them, and the music of its independence, and the impression it produces by melodic invention (melodic style). Never was the rhythm more subordinated to the words, never did the latter enjoy to such a degree all their rights as to quantity, caesura, and correct accent in the musical characters, while, combined with all this, there are now and then charming specimens of melismas; but they never grow into melody, into a rounded theme, duly worked out (a motive). Such are the character and style of the work, the only exception being the short romance, episodically introduced, of Laura (one of Don Juan's victims), who, at the urgent request of her admirers, takes up her lute, and we involuntarily regret that the exception is not the rule, so charming is it, and so much in keeping with the situation. The rhythm and the style are that of a *cachucha*, though here, as elsewhere, the harmonic and modulatory supports and their masterly turns predominate. The composition of the work dates from the time when among ourselves, also, Richard Wagner's theories found an echo in practical and active minds, and when opera was forthwith to become musical drama, which every opera worthy of the name always had been. The Wagnerian precepts maintain their good and logical right upon paper, inasmuch as they cut out of opera everything formal, and all set models, and, for the purpose of doing due justice to the dramatic notion, free the words from the traditional musical fetters. These theories have not been rendered by Wagner a reality; the leading principle of an absolute blending of words and music has not been carried out by him, and still less by his followers in the path of musical realism; the theory must finally miscarry from the impossibility of fashioning identically the words to the music and the music to the words! What advantage, we ask, could accrue to the words? Illusion, or poetical deception, is not unattended with difficulties of its own upon the stage; these are respected when the words are musically fashioned,

without the process leading to what is understood by vocal music, by which we mean something that by no means abrogates the significance of the words, but has rather created a peculiar kind of drama, to which, if satisfying the dramatic conditions of the case, we might give the name of opera. If a composer, however, restricts himself to recitative, to short phrases, laconically supported or interrupted by the orchestra, the words thus delivered in recitative, instead of being recited, are necessarily less intelligible, and constitute only a melodrama, which, though not wanting in purpose, can lay no claim to illusion.

What is it, then, which, after the lapse of a century, still so deeply affects and charms us in Mozart's *Don Juan*? It is the transformation of the poem into a musical utterance, the transmission of the dramatic notion to the music, which, though not independent of the words, carries the hearer away over them, and it is this very fact which gives rise to the poetry of all operatic music whatsoever, to that poetry which, inherent in the notion of opera, and of itself fetterless, proceeds from and returns to the words. "Every operatic number," said Weber, who understood something about the matter, "should, by its structure, appear an independent entity; but as a portion of the edifice it ought to disappear in the contemplation of the whole; herein lies the great and profound secret of dramatic music, a secret that may be felt, but cannot be expressed."

Wagner's operas are recitatives in a certain number of acts, with music in the operatic style interspersed. The last applies especially to the mighty and moving choruses. Dargomijski's opera does not contain even a chorus, though, in the animated scene with Laura, and the crowd of admirers around her, there was an opportunity, as natural as dramatically effective, for introducing one. As it is seldom that in actual life or the spoken drama several persons talk at the same time, only one person is allowed to speak at once in *The Stone Guest*. But there are exceptions in real life, and why should there not be exceptions in art, which mirrors real life? How about choruses in tragedy? and in Schiller's *Braut von Messina*? We cannot conceive an opera—and *The Stone Guest* is called an opera—without a chorus and melodic invention. Why should opera deprive itself of its most powerful element, the chorus? To establish a peculiar kind of stage-play without a foundation? Does not such a work contain within itself the fatal drawback that, when the public are once acquainted with its subject, all further interest in it vanishes, while the interest continued and subjectively intensified in the soul of the hearer by operatic music holds its own? It is the same with realism in literature, and in the other arts, and this tendency, wherever it crops up, is not a saving and fructifying tendency, but, from its nature, a tendency which serves only the moment and its influences, and is specifically ephemeral. Music is above all things the art of the feelings (*Gemüth*). People want to change it from resounding poetry into a mental riddle, which is resounding simply because it is to be perceived by the ear, and which, without a lecture *ad hoc*, without a special programme, and an *examen rigorosum* to be undergone by and conducted by the hearer himself, cannot be understood. We find that between this material tendency and the masters representing dramatic-musical art, such as Mozart and Beethoven, Weber, Méhul, Cherubini, and Meyerbeer, as well as the good Italian composers, there is nothing in common, except that both the ones and the others employ musical notation. Melodic style always has been and always will be the very pith and marrow, the beginning and the end, of every possible kind of music. It is melodic invention alone which imparts to the language of tone the quality of a language of the soul, and the advantage, for the loss of which nothing could compensate, of asserting itself as a universal language, a *pasigraphie*, intelligible in all countries. Wagner's school produces the chrysalis, the grub, and says: "That is the butterfly!" In *The Stone Guest* there is, on principle, no question of melodic invention, or of a melodious style. Thus the work, to which a first place is unconditionally assigned by the Russian press, cannot be judged by the same standard as operatic music of the usual description. It is doubtful whether the composer, had he lived, would have assigned so much importance to the recitative in his work, which was conceived under the first influence of Wagnerian ideas, or whether he would have presented it in a form as naked as its present form

to the stage, on which it will scarcely keep its ground, despite all the mastery he displays over his resources in a production opposed to our notions of opera. Dargomijski was known principally by two works written in the operatic style, namely, *The Water Sprite*, and *Notre Dame de Paris*; by the Cantata, *The Feast of Bacchus*, and a large number of Russian romances for the piano. To put him, as some persons do, on an equality with Glinka, is, in our opinion, mistaken patriotism. He comes first after Glinka, and his fancy is superior to Sérofs in the operas (?) *Judith*, and *Rogneda*; or the *Hostile Power*, which transport Wagner to Russia.

The performance of *The Stone Guest* is attended with peculiar difficulties. Each part is a recitative *a tempo*, and not a *capella*, in which the orchestra patiently obeys. In a recitative *a tempo*, strict attention must be paid to every word and the minutest part of a bar; such a recitative must be mechanically learnt by heart, because there is no stream of melody, no continuity of the musical phrase, to facilitate the task. Petrow, the worthy veteran of Russian opera, is a perfect Leporello; Melnickow, a satisfactory Don Juan; and Madame Platonow, a charming Donna Anna; but Madame Iljin is not strong enough for Donna Laura. Her style is pinched and unfinished. Puschkin's poem is a genial production: the Stone Guest, however, who is here the murdered husband of Donna Anna, strikes us as less tragic than the Commander as a father. As husband, he resembles more nearly Calderon's Physician of his own Honour, without making such a profound impression on the spectators.

THE VICISSITUDES OF A THEATRICAL MANAGER'S LIFE.

(From "The Sunday Times.")

Before I became pilot of the good old dramatic steamship, "Go-ahead," on account of my inexperience in such matters, I had the greatest difficulty to persuade the landlord to grant me a lease of the theatre. He, however, did so, and I advertised for a company. Everybody in the histrionic world applied I verily believe. There were among them novices who had never bearded the horror-stricken glare of the "footlights." The heaviest tragedians on earth advising me to start the legitimate drama, as that would pay the best, besides reflecting credit on my superior taste. Against that I had the opinion of some of the most atrocious stage villains of the old blood, thunder, and melodramatic school, counselling me to rely on sensation dramas or my fate would be sealed in a week. Here was a dilemma. I must own I rather preferred reading the legitimate drama than seeing it placed in the hands of incompetent exponents, and as all the parts in a classic play demand good actors (and I was not in a position to pay anything but a small though money-certain price for their services!), I abandoned the idea and announced sensation as my motto, and that to suit the fluctuating tastes of an incongruous audience, twenty murders and fourteen suicides in the most varied and approved mode of execution should characterise my opening piece, and if the public were not satisfied with that they should drop their cards in a box and select a drama for themselves with a thousand murders in it, "whether it ruined me or not!" My author was an unknown man; he assured me he had succeeded in weaving together such a string of novel and exciting incidents that it could not fail to "bring 'em down" and "take me up!" I read his maiden effort, and failed to detect a fault in it; this was, probably, my want of judgment. I was sitting down in the room allotted to me in my dignified position, holding receptions, when the advertising agent for Messrs. Paste, Puff, and Co., came in. He said they would circulate 30,000 bills at a shilling a thousand; they had stations which could not fail to catch the eye of a transitory throng. I thought it well to strike a bargain here. The next person who came into my room was a young man who wanted nothing but glory for his services, having acted as an amateur for many years with no moderate amount of success. I told him it was unsafe to entrust men who have no acquaintance with stage business. He, however, laid claim to high histrionic pretensions! I requested him to give me a proof of his elocution! He readily began, striking a wild attitude, "Now could I drink hot blood, and do such (stage) business as

the bitter day would quake to look on!" He said he could play the Idiot of the Mountain splendidly. I assured him I was afraid it would turn out to be so if I engaged him, and he rather unwillingly absquatulated. Two elegantly-dressed ladies followed. They didn't want pay: they only wished an engagement; in fact they could, with their connections fill my private boxes every night, besides adding respectability to my theatre by their broughams stopping the way at my stage door! I jumped at them. The low comedian came next, and saluted me with "There be land-rates and water-rates, water thieves and land thieves—I mean pirates—and there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks!" I considered he might have addressed this observation to Mr. Lowe or Mr. Goschen. I thought him funny, and hinted that he must be the worse for liquor, whereupon he replied "Nay, I swear I am not so; I do but labour under the intoxicating influence of a bottle of ginger-beer!" I engaged the wag. It would be a suicidal policy to do without a ballet, so I was interviewed by a varied specimen of those light-footed creatures, with charming smiles and pretty faces, and as they were cheap I engaged them. The stage-manager next swaggered into my room. He spoke with a deep, sepulchral voice which never varied but ran on in a groove of monotony of the most deliberate and punctuated tones. When once you heard him you could not fail to recognise him always. He spoke of the multitude of dramas he had produced. I asked his advice on the subject. He said, "Let 'em have two heavy pieces every Saturday, but for the rest of the week sensation!" I courted his opinion of *Macbeth*. He said "There was no vampire trap for the ghost to appear." I replied "Couldn't you shove him on from the side wings?" He remarked "No! how the d—l could a ghost come on from the side, while ever since he remembered they had come up and gone down the vampire trap?" I replied, "Never mind then;" and I don't believe he did! The leading lady bounced into the room; she was perfection. She had a large volume of press notices and reviews of so flattering a description that she herself, being equal to a host, would draw a house full, requesting me to read them for my own conviction, which I respectfully declined. Being captivated I at once gave her her own terms. The super-master came next and said he had a respectable body of young gentlemen (who were known from their habitually taking roost in the casual wards of Lambeth and other workhouses during the off season!) and said at the small charge of 1s. per evening they found their own clean boots and linen, besides reflecting the highest credit on my management. They had acquired and begot a well-trained stage stride, which was the result only of years' drilling. He said as soldiers on the field o' Bosworth they had acquitted themselves in true military fashion, and that they very rarely plugged one another's eyes out with the spears and banners entrusted to their care. I was satisfied. The next person wanted to rent the bars; he said he could fit 'em up and make 'em look like an Eastern palace, and guaranteed that the liquor should be genuine and good. He said he was well known, and the fact of his having the bars would alone suffice to fill the theatre every night. I considered him a very eligible tenant indeed. A ballet mistress skipped into the room like a light and airy nothing of forty stone! She was directly accommodated with a seat. She had so fluttered and buzzed about I thought she was trying to fascinate me with her wily coquetry. She entered fully into the details connected with the graceful gyrations of her troupe, their fully-developed limbs, beautiful forms, &c., and strove to convince me that her ideas were not to be excelled by any other professor of the saltatory art. "All right," I said; she evidently felt so. The next person was the wardrobe master. He tip-toed into the room with one of the most polite assumptions of self-importance. He assured me he could dodge me up a lot of capital stuff out of the old material on the establishment, and that he knew how to convert a gendarme's suit into a waiter's of the most elegant and modern style; that he understood transformations better than any man alive; that he had been engaged for years on the premises, had made costumes for King George the First, even to a chimney sweep. That acting upon the principle of studying his employer's interest, he had succeeded all his life in giving the liveliest satisfaction. Upright fellow, I thought! The scene painter entered, and persuaded me he could vamp up

a lot of picturesque scenery, which would effectuate a great saving. I thanked him. The gas man came next, and told me the gas company wanted looking after, because they sent more wind than gas through the pipes. He prided himself on understanding light and shade, and would take care the drama was lighted up, &c., when necessary. The master carpenter walked in, and on my asking him the question, said his men only struck when they didn't get paid down on the nail. I informed him they should be paid on the fall of the hammer! The leader of the band came next, and boasted that his men could not be matched even by the Opera band, and that they were only in the habit of taking out the big drum and stopping short in rather awkward scenes when they didn't get their salaries, which, of course, could not happen with me, I assured him!

The opening night came. The critics assembled in solemn conclave, passed a milk-and-watery compliment on the actors, extolled the author, whom they believed was capable of writing a higher order of drama, while the manager was told that there must have been an entire absence of discretion or how could he have produced such trash! "Thank you, Mr. Dram Crit," I said, "I will live on the fat of my fading hopes. I will yet survive the reports of ignorant boys and incompetent critics who have never been behind the scenes nor understand the smallest stage directions." The weather was 110 degrees of heat! What was that to me? I had always believed a theatre could be crowded as much in summer as winter, and as I was buoyed up with the most felicitous expectations, and went on working away in the great Thespian home with what success let the sequel tell. I found the bill-poster was in the habit of putting my double-crowns into a bag with a weight attached, and quietly lowering them into the Thames at night, which I believe is a very good circulating medium! The young ladies who acted for nothing so mauled the parts they had to play that the audience hissed them, and, although they filled my boxes, they, by their inartistic efforts, emptied my pit and gallery! The man who rented my bars filled my house with orders! I was too modest to refuse them admittance. The wardrobe on the first night was not ready. Everybody seemed misfitted. Nobody had the costumes they wanted, so they all went on in their own clothes, and as a consequence were immediately recognized by the audience. Many of them chirruped and made sport of the *dramatis personæ* most cruelly, especially the supers about the casual wards. Zounds! I was in a fearful rage. I never shall forget the humiliation. The scene-painter was not ready either, and in the confusion the scene-shifters shunted on a mediaeval interior to a portion of a distant view of the sea! I remember the leading lady bathing my temples and plunging her scent-bottle under my nose to keep me from expiring on the spot. Then the blessed gas was down when it should have been up, and they had forgotten to buy the green glasses for the water scenes. It was shocking. The house never paid, and several times when the carpenters did not get their money on the Saturday they playfully refused to push a scene on or remove them off. The band refused to go into the orchestra, and after an interval of half-an-hour they resumed their seats, not until my leading lady had died without a chord from those gentlemen. There was a clique of leaden plummets about, and directly they saw the ship was sinking, added their weight towards its accomplishment. They were the wreckers! They threatened to pull the establishment down about my ears if I didn't get out of it; and deeming it more prudent to follow the dictates of wisdom than stick like a faithful pilot at the helm of a sinking concern, I abandoned the ship to its fate, and very shortly afterwards it struck upon a rock, sank into the boundless deep, and was buried and forgotten in the troubled waters of managerial misfortunes, regretting I had ever dabbled in one of the most uncertain, precarious, yet exciting, lives that any man can possibly lead for a short period of his existence.

OUR IDLER.

PESTH.—The Abbate Franz Liszt has fixed his quarters here for the present. Contrary to his usual custom, he will give one public Liszt Evening this month, and another in March. His object in taking this step is to assist a well-known German composer, who is suffering from an incurable disease, and for whom Herr Joachim, also, lately gave a concert.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

On Monday evening M^{me}. Schumann made her first appearance for the season, and was received with the accustomed favour. The accomplished pianist, on whose performances the interest of the evening was naturally concentrated, selected for her solo display, as on previous occasions, the second Sonata of Beethoven's set of three, Op. 31—viz., that in D minor, which has been proclaimed by eminent German critics, the "dramatic sonata, *par excellence*," and if the keys of the pianoforte can represent "dramatic" impressions, there is no example to be cited by which such impressions are more powerfully suggested. A distinguished quality of M^{me}. Schumann's playing, apart from her universally acknowledged skill as a mistress of the instrument in all its mechanical requirements, is her power of realizing the ideas of a composer, whatever conditions may have influenced him during the process of composition. Hence she is essentially a genuine interpreter of Beethoven, who, of all writers for the pianoforte, was the most imaginative and the least mechanical. We need not describe over and over again M^{me}. Schumann's reading of the D minor Sonata, one of the most peculiarly individual emanations from the genius of Beethoven. In the impassioned *Allegro* with which it begins, the melodious and pathetic *Adagio* and the *Allegretto*, its concluding movement, she was equally at home. At the end of the performance she was unanimously applauded, and twice called back to the platform; but instead of repeating Beethoven's *finale*, she played a *romanza*—one of a set of four characteristic pieces by Robert Schumann. How M^{me}. Schumann plays her late husband's music need hardly be stated, and never did she give her whole soul to it with more enthusiasm than in her execution on Monday night of the pianoforte part in the well known D minor trio. Her associates were M^{me}. Norman-Néruda and Signor Piatti, who, to judge by their playing, heartily sympathized with the gifted pianist. In short, M^{me}. Schumann impressed her audience as of old.

The quartets were Mozart's in B flat, one of the set of six dedicated to Haydn, and Haydn's in E flat, perhaps the finest of the ten he composed in that key. Both were played to perfection by M^{me}. Néruda, Herr L. Ries, M. Zerbini, and Signor Piatti. Every amateur of genuine and sterling music for the chamber must be gratified to find that the director, Mr. Arthur Chappell, is paying more and more attention to the quartets of that most consummate of all quartet writers, Haydn. During the present series of concerts he has brought forward several specimens of the master hitherto unknown to the greater number of those who habitually frequent St. James's Hall, and not one has been heard without unqualified pleasure.

The singer was M^{lle}. Nita Gaetano, who gave extremely well an air by Pergolesi, and created a sensible impression in a new and charming song, by Mr. George Osborne—"The Robin and the Maiden"—obtaining a well-merited recall. Sir Julius Benedict was the accompanist. At the next concert Herr Joseph Joachim is to make his first appearance for the season.

MUNICH.—The *Augsberger Abendzeitung* informs us that it was exactly fifty years ago, on the 15th January, that the Theatre Royal or Hof-Theater (literally, Court Theatre), was burnt down, after being built only five years. The fire raged nearly twenty-four hours, but fortunately no lives were lost. The present theatre was erected within less than two years, at a cost of 1,920,000 florins. Of this sum, the Insurance Offices contributed 120,000 florins; the molten metal and other materials fetched about 600,000 florins, and the Corporation voted 300,000 florins, leaving a deficit of 850,000 florins. This sum, also, was advanced by the Corporation, so that the "Court Theatre" was at first erected solely at the cost of the city, and not the Court. To pay off the loan, a second "beer-penny" (a tax of a German penny upon every measure of beer consumed here—a German penny being equal to about an English farthing), was voted, to be levied till the debt was extinguished. But, though the Corporation have long since had their money returned, the "beer-penny" remains a fact, and the beer-drinkers are still unconsciously paying for the Theatre Royal. It is a remarkable fact that in all countries, and not in England alone, a tax seems to resemble the garment given by Dejanira to Hercules; once put on, there it sticks.—The King has forwarded a large sum out of his private purse to re-establish the pension-fund for the artists and others employed at the Theatre Royal. No new pension has been granted for twenty-five years.

HANOVER.—The General Committee of the Marschner Memorial have decided on accepting the design sent in by Herr Hartzing, which represents the composer in a standing position between two figures seated. A sub-committee has been appointed to make the requisite arrangements with Herr Hartzing.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

Though the recent vagaries of our eccentric climate could not affect the audience which crowded into St. James's Hall on Wednesday week, they were able to influence the artists, and much disturb the programme. Mr. Sims Reeves was kept away altogether, and Madame Patey could only get through half her allotted task; while, to make matters worse, a domestic affliction prevented Mr. Nordblom from appearing. But Mr. Boosey was able to make fair amends for this triple disappointment by engaging Mr. E. Lloyd, and by availing himself of the kindness of Mr. Santley, who cheerfully agreed to sing an extra song, so that the entertainment passed off well, and everybody was content. Several of the novelties set down for performance had necessarily to be omitted, but others were given by Madame Patey and Mr. Santley, the lady contributing J. L. Roedel's "Heaven's light," and the gentleman being heard in Prince Poniatowski's "Stag Hunt." As regards the first of these, it will be better to suspend judgment. Madame Patey sang under difficulties, the full force of which became evident when an apology was made for her subsequent non-appearance. As this favourite artist is not one who lightly abandons her task, the disadvantage attendant upon her rendering of Roedel's new effusion may be imagined. Mr. Santley, on the other hand, was in fine "form," and gave "The Stag Hunt" with a mixture of vigour and pathos which roused his audience to enthusiasm. The song is capitally written, and contains a very effective contrast, presented by the energy of the conventional hunting passages, and the feeling of those episodes wherein the poor stag plays the chief part. That Prince Poniatowski has supplied one of the best songs of its kind, and a formidable rival to "The Yeoman's Wedding," cannot be doubted. Mr. Santley was called upon to repeat it; but the artist, who had already worked hard, substituted the less exacting ballad by Henriette, "My King and I." Among the more familiar successes of the concert were the encores gained by Madame Patey for Henriette's "Always alone," by Mr. Lloyd for Sullivan's "Once again," and Miss Banks for Claribel's "Five o'clock in the morning." Miss Wynne's contribution of two Welsh songs—"The Ash Grove," and "A silent maid"—was warmly appreciated, as were the pianoforte solos of Mr. Brintley Richards, who selected two of his own Fantasias on Welsh airs.

BRITISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

The programme of this society's fifth concert was as follows:—

Symphony, No. 3, A minor, Scottish—Mendelssohn; Song, "The Wanderer" (Mr. Lewis Thomas)—Schubert; Song, MS., "Over the roof and over the wall," *Supper Necklace* (Miss Edith Wynne)—Sullivan; Overture (first time) to Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale* (composed expressly for this society)—John Francis Barnett; Song, "Rose, softly blooming," *Azor and Zemira* (Miss Julia Elton)—Spohr; Song, "The shades of evening close around" (Mr. E. Lloyd)—F. Clay; Grand polonaise in E flat, pianoforte (Miss Nathalie Evans)—Chopin; Quartet, "God is a Spirit," *Woman of Samaria* (Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Lewis Thomas)—W. S. Bennett; Overture, *Egmont*—Beethoven.

A work so well known as the *Scottish Symphony* could not fail to be well played, and on this occasion the violins particularly distinguished themselves throughout the slow movement, the first theme of which we have never heard more beautifully "sung." The *Finale* was scarcely so good, owing to shortcomings in the "wind department." Those shortcomings we hope to see remedied by another season. Mr. Barnett's overture is noticed elsewhere; and we go on to the Polonaise of Chopin merely to state that whoever persuaded Miss Evans into a premature appearance did her a very bad service. The young lady has ability, and in time will make a good player; but, at present, she is merely in a state of pupillage, and should confine herself to private study and practice. More than this need not be said, save to warn the new society against seeking its artists from the nursery. Beethoven's overture has been much better given; the "wind" again exhibiting its shortcomings with a persistency worthy of a better cause. The vocal music pleased greatly. Mr. Lewis Thomas sang the "Wanderer" as we have not often heard it sung, all the pathos and passion of the music being admirably brought out. Miss Wynne had to repeat Sullivan's picturesque air; Miss Elton gave a capital reading of "Rose softly blooming;" and Mr. Clay's charming song was done justice to by Mr. Lloyd, though its *tempo* might have been quickened with advantage. The quartet from *The Woman of Samaria*—beautifully sung—met with its usual fate, an encore. Mr. Mount conducted all the works save Mr. Barnett's overture.

DRESDEN.—The last novelty at the Royal Operahouse was Herr Max Bruch's grand opera, *Hermione*. Though mounted with the greatest care and liberality, and exceedingly well performed by all concerned, it pleased so little as to be given only twice, and was then withdrawn. It will probably never be revived.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

In addition to the Symphony noticed elsewhere, five other works by Schubert helped to commemorate, on Saturday week, the morrow of the composer's birthday. Among them were two novelties: a part-song, "Night in the forest," and a "Hymn to the Holy Ghost." The first is supposed to bear date 1827, and consists of two movements for men's voices, with accompaniment of four horns *obbligato*. Its *ensemble* is charming, thanks, in great part, to the skilful treatment of the horns, which lend truthful colour to the music, and allow of some striking effects. The Hymn was written in 1828 (Schubert's death year), and is also for men's voices, quartet and chorus, with accompaniment of oboes, clarionets, bassoons, trumpets, horns, and trombones. Apart from the novelty of these adjuncts, the work is not very striking, being for the most part commonplace and lugubrious withal. We cannot but think that a better choice might easily have been made, though, perhaps, it was well to make the acquaintance of a work so pretentious in its character. Both pieces were sung by a small choir, headed by Messrs. Guy, Howell, Parker, and Pope. The three known compositions introduced on the occasion were the overture to *Rosamunde*, the beautiful romance from the same work (sung by Mdme. Sherrington), and the part-song, "Gondolier." Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*, and Henselt's Pianoforte Concerto, made up the balance of the programme. The former calls for no remark, but the latter was heard for the first time at the Crystal Palace. Without being a great composition, measured by the standard of the great masters, it is one of much interest, and deserves the consideration due to a work which emanates from a man who stands at the head of his profession. As a means of display, the concerto can hardly be surpassed. Indeed, we question if anything more difficult was ever written, and it is all the more to the credit of Mr. Oscar Beranger that he rendered it throughout with faultless accuracy. A more emphatic performance Herr Henselt himself could hardly have wished.

MUSIC IN GLASGOW.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to an article in your valuable paper of February 1st, reflecting on the amateur orchestral society of this city, and proceeding from your own correspondent.

But I cannot remain longer silent, when that self-constituted critic pours his hostile lucubrations into the columns of an English musical periodical, so generally esteemed, and widely circulated at home and abroad, with a view to mislead the English and foreign public; and in its pages, uses his utmost efforts to hold up to ridicule a deserving musical society, and to connect a foreign name, highly respected in the musical world, with what he chooses to represent as an extraordinary musical exhibition.

Under these circumstances, you will pardon, I hope, the liberty I take of occupying so much of your valuable space with my humble protest and repudiation of such pretensions as those of your Glasgow correspondent. It is with reluctance that I undertake this task, but I owe it to your readers to put them on their guard against one capable of playing such fantastic tricks. Trusting in the high standard of your paper, they might suppose those reports are written by a competent judge; but it will not be useless to remind them that the grandsons of "Midas" are still at large.—Yours, &c., A. DAUSSEIGNES MÉHUL.

Glasgow, 8th February, 1873.

[We willingly insert M. Méhul's letter, omitting two paragraphs which contain assumptions and personalities wholly beside the mark. It is our duty to say, without judging the particular question at issue, that we have confidence both in the ability and integrity of our Glasgow correspondent.—Ed.]

LUBECK.—Musikdirector Gottfried Hermann's 4th *Soirée Musicale* took place on the 1st of February, with the following programme: String Quartet by J. Haydn; Nocturne for harp, violin, and violoncello, by Oberthür; "Ave Maria," for soli and chorus, by Oberthür; String Quartet by Beethoven; "Exaudi Deus," for soli and chorus, with harp and harmonium accompaniments, by Oberthür; solo, harp, "Clouds and Sunshine," by Oberthür; Impromptu militaire, by Zamara. The concert was well attended, and gave great satisfaction. The choral works were performed by the members of the Vocal Society, who evidently took great interest in the compositions, which pleased very much; it was expected that the composer would have been present, and have played in this *Soirée*, but he was obliged to return to England; therefore Fraulein Anna Dubez, from Schwerin, was engaged to play the harp part in "Exaudi Deus," which she did admirably. She was also highly successful in the two harp solos above mentioned.

M. GOUNOD'S CHOIR.

A series of five "Subscription Concerts," our musical readers are doubtless aware, has for some time been announced, with M. Gounod as director. That the eminent French musician has been diligently training a choir, composed chiefly of amateurs, is a fact not less generally known; and, if we may draw conclusions from the programme of the first concert, given on Saturday night, in St. James's Hall, one of M. Gounod's principal reasons for undertaking these performances is to bring forward compositions of his own. Anything, new or old, to which the name of the composer of *Faust*, *Mireille*, *Romeo et Julietta* is affixed, must naturally be welcome to those who care for music good and earnest of its kind. We should have been glad to see the hall on Saturday more crowded; but every enterprise of this sort must have a beginning, and public sympathy can only be excited by hearsay reports of its progress, and by the gradual steps taken to secure for it a permanent attraction. For our own part we should rate "M. Gounod's Concerts" still higher if the programmes were not limited to M. Gounod's compositions. Out of fourteen pieces, on Saturday night, only three were not absolutely from his pen; and even one of these was half his property, being the "Ave Maria" which he has wedded to John Sebastian Bach's first Prelude (from the *Well-tempered Clavier*)—the only apology for such a liberty being the genuine beauty of the melody—played, on the occasion under notice, upon the violin, by a young gentleman, described in the programme as "honorary member of the Choir." The first part of the selection, besides this "Ave Maria," published and known through so many different arrangements, was devoted exclusively to ecclesiastical pieces, and comprised a new setting of the "Pater Noster," a *Requiem*, and a psalm ("Omnipotent Lord") by M. Gounod, as well as the contralto air, "He was despised," from the *Messiah*, sung by another young gentleman, "member of the choir" (and encored). The "Pater Noster," and the *Requiem* are successful examples of M. Gounod's power to write for sacred themes music which, while simple, shall also be telling and expressive. There is in neither of them any attempt at unusual harmony or elaborate contrapuntal device; and the aim of the composer, to suit them for general use where large resources are not at hand, is evident. In our opinion, he has admirably carried out his intention. The "Pater Noster," in its way, is irreproachable. The "Introit," "Kyrie Eleison," and "Agnus Dei" of the *Requiem* were not new to the English admirers of M. Gounod's sacred music, having been publicly performed some time since. Whatever expectations these may have raised are fully carried out by the "Offertorium," "Sanctus," and "Pie Jesu," which now complete the work. The "Sanctus" especially touches us by its solemnity. Rarely have words of serious import been more emphatically expressed with so little apparent straining after effect. This was undoubtedly the best executed piece of the evening, and the unanimous encore it obtained was a just recognition of its merit. Not to enter further into details—unnecessary, by the way, in reference to a work of so unpretentious a character—we may safely predict for this new *Requiem* a wide-spread popularity in places for which it is expressly intended. The performance was conducted by M. Gounod himself, who was received by the audience with every mark of cordiality.

The second part of the concert consisted of secular compositions, exclusively from the pen of M. Gounod, three of which—a part song, "Gitanela," a double chorus, "Bright star of eve," and two Italian canzonets, "Perchè piangi?" and "Ho messo nuove corde"—for a tenor voice—were heard for the first time. There was also his setting of Lord Byron's "Maid of Athens," sung with true feeling by a lady "member of the choir," who was recalled and much applauded. The chief interest of the concert, however, attached to the first part and the sacred music.

VIENNA.—There has been some talk of Mdlle. Ehn's leaving the Imperial Operahouse here for the Royal Operahouse in Berlin. The young lady appeared lately in a round of operas at the last-named establishment, and pleased the Berliners so much that she was asked to become a permanent member of the company. In Vienna she receives 16,000 florins annually (2,000 being deducted for taxes, &c.) and two months' leave. Herr von Hulsén, the Royal Prussian Intendant, offered her 11,000 thalers annually, five months' leave of absence out of every twelve, the title of *Kammersängerin*, and a pension of 2000 thalers in case of retirement. Before giving Herr von Hulsén an answer to his tempting offer, Mdlle. Ehn laid the matter before Herr Herbeck, the manager of the Imperial Operahouse, by whom it was referred to the Intendant-General, Count Wrba. It is thought that the Count will give the young lady the same terms as Herr von Hulsén offers, and thus keep her here.

THE OPERA AT MALTA.

MR. BENTHAM AND MDME. BENTHAM-FERNANDEZ.

(From the "Malta News" of January 22.)

M. Gounod's *Faust*, here, as elsewhere, probably the most popular work of the operatic repertoire, was produced on Saturday last for Signor Padovani's benefit; and, from the state of the house, we imagine that the result must have been satisfactory to that deserving artist.

Signor Bentham sustained the part of *Faust* in a manner which even his warmest admirers can hardly have been prepared for. His melodious voice appeared to possess a power and depth which we have not heard in it before, his acting an unwonted force, and the correctness with which he gave every note made his performance one which could not be listened to without pleasure, and which we consider entitled to high commendation. The part of Mephistopheles demands gifts and qualifications which are found combined in few artists, still Signor Padovani performed it satisfactorily; and the singing of some portions, especially the "Dio dell'or," and the serenade, "Tu che fai l'ador men-ta" fully deserved the applause which it received. In Valentino we made acquaintance with a new comer, Signor Lenghi, whose voice, though not very powerful, is pleasing, and his execution good. Of Signora Bentham, as Margherita, we can only say that she is Margherita! From her first entrance upon the stage, when, with downcast eyes and modest mien, she replies to the solicitation of Faust, to the last scene in the prison, when her sorrows at length find an end in death, we seem to see before us, not the *prima donna*, not the actress, but the German maiden herself, Goethe's own Gretchen. Her singing combines power, taste, and execution which we have seldom heard surpassed. The charming simplicity with which she sings the ballad, "C'era un Re di Thule," the brilliancy of her execution in the Jewel Song, her tenderness in the duet with Faust, and her passionate despair in the latter scenes are alike admirable; in one and all the purity and richness of her voice, and the grace of her acting carried the house by storm, while the hearty applause and frequent encores she received testified to her complete and unqualified success.

Signora Magi sings very prettily the part of Siebel, and the melodious "Parlatele d'amor" received full justice from her fine voice.

The chorus was, perhaps, little more efficient than usual, thus considerably marring the *tout ensemble* of the opera. They sang, or rather croaked, utterly regardless of time or tune. As for the mounting of the opera, the less said the better, some of the chorus, and notably those of the brass band, appear as if they could not hold their dilapidated rags together much longer. When they quite fall to pieces, perhaps we shall be treated to some a little less shabby. As for the vision which concludes the opera, it is so remarkable a feat of scenic art as to defy description.

Moscow.—In consequence of her having proved anything but a great success in St. Petersburg, the management of the Italian Opera have sent Mdme. Malling here, but the lady has not benefited much by the change. On the night of her first appearance, the house, it is true, was crammed to suffocation—because *Dinorah* had been announced with Mdme. Adelina Patti, but Mdme. Patti was prevented by indisposition from singing, and *L'Elisir* was put up, Mdme. Malling sustaining the part of Adina. The result was something very like a fiasco.

In Memoriam.

HEYWARD J. ST. LEGER, Esq.

DIED, FEB. 6TH, 1873.

Let music weep! for one who loved her well
Has pass'd from earth away; no magic spell,
Nor charm that dwells within this lower sphere,
Can wake the tender friend to us so dear.

"Friend of the artist," kind to all around,
A welcome guest where sweetest tones abound,
Place Shamrock on his heart, while "Erin's Isle,"
In sorrow for her son, forgets to smile.

Now sweetest poetry our grief shall share,
For him who woo'd the sister arts so fair,
One who in both with tender grace excell'd,
And oft chill care with cheerful songs dispell'd.

Tho' he on earth no more may charm the ear,
And o'er his grave we drop the fruitless tear,
May he, ascending to the realms above,
Join in the melody that angels love.

CARLINE N. GRANT.

MUSIC BUILDINGS.

On Monday evening last a paper was read, at the meeting of the Institute of Architects, which illustrated in quite an unanticipated way the existence of the most striking scientific shortcomings in architectural practice where one would scarcely expect they would be found. The wild complaints which at the present moment are being so constantly advanced against architects in the everyday press, as to be virtually unanswerable from the sheer pressure of their multiplicity, are generally found to turn upon matters of little magnitude in a scientific sense; indeed, the complainants would do much better, as a rule, if they would direct their attacks against our bricklayers, plumbers, and joiners (who too frequently cease to be *builders* when they become *general contractors*), and leave architects altogether out of the controversy. But it is quite another thing when an experienced professional critic and a thoughtful enquirer and writer, such as Mr. Statham, of Liverpool, is known to be, comes straightforwardly before his brethren, formally assembled, and taking up such a subject as the designing of what we may coin a phrase to call *Music Buildings*, proves by sober argument and illustration the sweeping assertion that the great halls and theatres of music, of which we are accustomed sometimes to boast not a little, are in fact too often contrived much more in defiance of the first principles of musical-acoustical science (which, by the way, is not merely acoustical,) than in pursuance of anything approaching to that exhaustive investigation of natural laws which we are so fond of identifying with the spirit of invention in the nineteenth century. One expression which Mr. Statham used in his dissertation seems more than all else to fasten the stigma, if not upon architects, certainly upon the *modus operandi* of their work; for musical effect, he says, and architectural effect appear to be incompatible. That is to say, the ordinary forms which the architectural designer makes use of, as expressing artistically, however unaffectedly, the conditions of construction, are in practice enough of themselves to destroy the effect of music. This is a remarkable proposition, but a moment's reflection renders it perfectly intelligible. The architect has only to look at such a thing as a violin or a trombone, and is it not as clear as noonday that those instruments are, if not very much akin to music chambers, certainly sufficiently allied to them to illustrate the fact that common house-building and music-chamber-building are based upon different fundamentals.

Perhaps the most pompous music-chamber in England is St. George's Hall at Liverpool. It was built for the express, not to say the sole, purpose of a concert-hall. Mr. Statham tells us nevertheless that the brilliant young architect who by this one design acquired such high popularity—to be enjoyed for so short a time, for Mr. Elmes died almost before he had arrived at manhood—made no secret of the fact that the specific adaptation of his grand interior for the actual performance of music was a thing that he held to be beneath his consideration. The absurdity of such a confession surely seems plain enough; but this absurdity becomes even more astonishing when we reflect that the real doctrine held by such a designer only about forty years ago amounted to this—that the idea of his condescending to compromise in a music-chamber the conventional forms of architecture for the sake of the enjoyment of music was too absurd to be entertained. Let not the architects of the passing day, however, profess to be much more amenable to common sense; for Mr. Statham further allows us to understand that he has precisely the same grievance against the designers of the multitudinous Gothic churches of the hour. These artists, he says, somewhat sarcastically, may no doubt be governed by adequate considerations of ritual, but they are certainly not influenced by an appreciation of music; for they construct their "Organ chambers" precisely in the way, and place them precisely in the position, which must be allowed to be the least conducive to the charms of musical effect.

The much-vaunted Albert Hall is a model which it seems is equally, with the great Liverpool building, at variance with scientific principles. We all know how much controversy there was at the time of the inauguration of this nobly immense music-chamber respecting the more interesting than agreeable "echo" of the place; how it engaged the attention of the most distinguished philosophers, and was by some pronounced an obvious matter of course, whilst others deemed it an incomprehensible eccentricity of nature; how the "velarium" was politely accepted by a loyal public as the perfect remedy of science, with even a grace of its own beyond the reach of art; and how it was, nevertheless, whispered by the few, as it is now outspoken by the many, that the remedy is, after all, but very imperfect, if not also a little ugly. Mr. Statham puts his finger on the root of the matter by pointing out that, just as St. George's Hall was made a grandiose assembly-room, leaving music to take its chance, so the Albert Hall is nothing but a grandiose amphitheatre, leaving music to discover, when too late, that its conditions have been not culpably neglected at all, but ignorantly misunderstood—which is even worse. Even to the last, in such a thing as

the two conflicting theories of wall covering, for example—one of which is in favour of sharp sound-reflecting surfaces, such as marble and cement, whilst the other prefers absorbent surfaces, such as upholstery, it appears that science was at sea; for Mr. Statham mentions the remarkable incident that, in spite of the utter failure of the first of these in St. George's Hall, the organ-builder had no hesitation in recommending for the Albert Hall the same principle—the rejection of which, he asserts, has alone prevented a vast augmentation of that confusedness of sound which is so much complained of. We may here mention that there is a third theory, in favour of the use of resonant material, such as wood, and that it is to the acceptance of this so far sound doctrine, in the case of the Albert Hall that we owe, in spite of one of the most extremely disadvantageous of all forms of interior, what musical capabilities the edifice is found to possess. The evil effects, however, that may be found to result from even this third mode of design are said to be painfully illustrated in the echo of the great-reading-room at the British Museum, where the dome is lined with "fibrous slab" (a material made of rags and other fibre with paste), one of the foremost of the alleged characteristics of which is that it is equally resonant with wood. One more circumstance relative to the Albert Hall possesses almost a melancholy interest. So long as the interior was filled with scaffolding the musical-acoustical effect was perfect, but alas! every pole and put-log that were removed only detracted from this exquisite success!

The third grand example cited amongst the music-chambers of England is the Crystal Palace; but we feel at a loss to see how this altogether exceptional case can be fairly argued upon. If the great halls at Liverpool and South Kensington were built expressly for concert uses, the same cannot surely be said of the stupendous greenhouse at Sydenham; and when a thousand musicians are made to perform before twenty thousand hearers under a vast vault of glass, and amidst a whole labyrinth of echoing aisles and vibrating galleries of iron, whose interminable lines stretch away to the limits of almost total silence, conditions so unsuitable become scarcely credible. If, as we are told, the effect of all this, as regards indistinctness, is comparatively little, we understand that it is only less than might seem to be likely in such a desperate case; and when it is admitted that all sitters towards the sides must expect to hear confusedly, this is obviously a surrender at discretion of the claims of the Crystal Palace model in respect of musical acoustics.

Without going further into those particulars of the question which are given in the report of the lecture itself, it may fairly be said that the lamentable deficiencies which appear to be manifested in an almost equal degree in each one of the grand concert halls which have been quoted, the wide disparity of principle accepted in them, and the equally unintelligent way in which, in all cases, the form for the chamber has been sought out from amongst precedents which belonged to altogether different categories of building science, are overpowering in the effect they must produce upon any scientific mind with reference to the shortcomings of practical design. If our ordinary theatres are better devised, it seems to be due to nothing more than the adoption of an accepted model, without much desire to improve upon it; and if our ordinary concert rooms, again, are more or less successful, it is because they are too small to require much science in their contrivance. The illustration, moreover, is an excellent one as regards the whole question of scientific plan. Artistic effect is worthy of all commendation; so is sound and clever construction; but aptitude of contrivance is none the less—perhaps all the more—a thing to be assiduously cultivated.

—*The Architect.*

BRESLAU.—The first of the second series of Orchestral Union Concerts went off extremely well. Professor August Wilhelmj was most applauded for his performance of Raff's Violin Concerto in B flat minor, dedicated to him by the composer. He played, also, "Albumblatt," Wagner; "Notturmo," Chopin; and "Abendlied," Schumann. The programme included, likewise, several scenes from Lassen's setting of Hebbel's *Nibelungen*, which had never been heard here before, and which pleased very much; Mendelssohn's overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony.—Herr Ignatius Peter Lustner, the Nestor of Silesian violinists, died here, a short time since, of apoplexy. He was struck down while giving a lesson. He was born in 1792. Among his numerous pupils are, in addition to his two sons, Otto and Louis, Professor Julius Stern, and Herr Robert Radecke.

NEW YORK.—Mr. Richard Hoffman has given his first *soirée* this year. The clever artist played, with Mr. J. Burke and Mr. F. Bergner, Schubert's trio, Op. 99; with Mr. Bergner, Mendelssohn's Sonata, Op. 58; and "Four Songs" for violin and pianoforte (Schumann) with the same artist. Mr. Hoffman's solo performances were Handel's Second Concerto, Chopin's "Andante Spianato and Polonaise," and two of his own compositions, "Les Clochettes" and "Caprice de Concert." After his performance of Handel's Concerto, Mr. Hoffman was recalled, when he gave the variations on the "Harmonious Blacksmith."

TWO NOVELTIES.

John Francis Barnett is, in one respect at least, more fortunate than Franz Peter Schubert. Barnett can hear his works performed; Schubert could hear his only with the inner sense. Barnett commands the applause of listening audiences; but Schubert had to content himself with such a prophetic view of *post-mortem* triumph as confidence in his own genius vouchsafed. Without grudging our countryman his good luck, we may permit ourselves to look upon this as a splendid example of the irony of fate. What had poor Schubert done that he, with his brilliant gifts, his fine artistic instincts, and his noble ambition—what had he done that the great Controlling Hand should have kept him crushed down to the earth? We do not know, but the temptation is, in view of such a phenomenon, to—

“ * * * reason fiercely,
And call the laws of Providence unequal.”

But, after all, we may be disquieting ourselves needlessly. The marvellous system of compensation that runs through the material world is not limited in its scope, but prevails equally in the world of mind. We will believe, therefore, that Schubert was not less happy in his life than his apparently more fortunate successors are in theirs. It was given him, on the principle that, “as thy day is, so thy strength shall be:”

“To wait the leisure of the righteous gods,
Till they, in their own good appointed hour,
Should bid his better days come forth at once.
A long and shining train; till he, well pleased,
Should bow, and bless his fate, and say the gods are ‘just.’”

If it were known how small a part of our life is that which Shakespeare described as “rounded with a sleep,” much seemingly anomalous now would lose its mystery, and “justify the ways of God to man.” But even as our knowledge now is, we see that, while justice may be delayed, its ultimate and triumphant assertion is sure. Does not Schubert himself supply a proof of this most comfortable fact? Who could have anticipated, a few years ago, when the composer of the *Wanderer* and the *Erl King* was chiefly known as a writer of songs, that in 1873, and earlier, his fame would be spread over the earth, and that musicians everywhere would eagerly contend for the possession of his dusty and neglected manuscripts. Such is the fact, however, and, seeing it, let all who value the success of whatever deserves to succeed, take heart of grace. The world is not yet given over to the reign of Chance, unless Chance be, as Coleridge said, “but the pseudonym of God for those particular cases which He does not choose to subscribe openly with His own sign-manual.”

Another stage in Schubert's onward progress was reached last Saturday week, when his fifth symphony (B flat) was played for the first time at the Crystal Palace. This work was known to be in existence before Mr. Grove rummaged Dr. Schneider's cupboard, and, indeed, the Crystal Palace manager saw the “parts” in Mr. Herbeck's possession. But the autograph score, it appears, could not be found. The cupboard contained it not, nor did Mr. Grove's repeated inquiry lead to any good results. His anxiety to secure the work, however, may have suggested its possible value to others, and thus led to the eventual finding of the treasure. At all events, Mr. Grove informs us that, “last spring, the symphony suddenly appeared in the well-known *Peter's Edition*, arranged for four hands. This was sufficient to show that the score had been found, and that the original, or a copy, was in the possession of that most enterprising firm. After some correspondence, I obtained the loan of it, through the kind offices of Mr. Augener, and great was my delight when I undid the parcel and found the autograph itself. Somewhat careless, perhaps, to send such a treasure flying about the world hither and thither; but I, at least, have no reason to complain.” So much for the circumstances attending the production of the work. All that is known of its history can be told in yet briefer time; for Schubert, who was little more than “nobody” in his day, had nobody to take the trouble of recording his achievements. As is well known, he wrote in all nine symphonies, including the fragment in B minor; that under notice is the fifth, and bears date 1816, the twentieth year of its composer's life, and by no means one of his busiest, if Dr. Kreisler may be trusted. The symphony is scored without clarionets, trumpets, trombones, or drums; a fact which will undoubtedly be to its disadvantage, as in the parallel cases presented by many other compositions now never heard because unsuitable to our big orchestras, and the prevalent love of noise. Why Schubert wrote for so small a band in this particular case will, probably, never be found out, nor does it much matter. Enough that, with limited resources, he gave us music full of charm—not great music, perhaps, but such as the ear loves to dwell upon, and the musician loves to contemplate. The general style of the symphony in B flat is not the style which may rightly be called Schubert's own. It suggests, rather, that period in the composer's life when, as regards instrumental music, he was strongly

influenced by Haydn and Mozart. How strong that influence was appears more and more as his works become known. The theme tempts us to enquire in what degree the great masters—Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven—contributed to form the manner we commonly recognise as Schubert's; but, reserving this discussion, it must suffice now to point out that very little in the B flat symphony is distinctive of the author. The first *Allegro*, and the *Andante con moto*—especially the latter—are eminently Mozartian. Here and there, it is true, Schubert's individuality peeps out, as when, in the *Allegro*, he coquets between the minor and major cadence, after a fashion instantly recognised as his own; but these slight exceptions apart, the movements are clearly inspired by the great composer of the *Jupiter*. The *Scherzo* and *Finale* are as clearly Haydnesque. Indeed, it would be very easy to find in Haydn's symphonies the “double” of the Trio; while the theme and the working of the *Finale* have all the geniality and freshness, if not all the art, of the “father of the orchestra.” Mr. Grove recognizes this, and says, “Schubert himself is not so prominent, and if we have Haydn's gaiety, we more than once catch a glimpse of Haydn's *perruque*.” *Merci bien*, Mr. Grove, for this cheap and somewhat used up sneer at the old master, who, as you very well know, was one of the greatest reformers music ever had, and one of the most progressive among musicians. If by *perruque* you mean that Haydn's music is orderly, and in good form, in short, the work of an artist, we accept the term, and avow our preference for *perruques* over the wild unkempt shock heads of hair which in these later days are supposed to accompany and indicate genius. This, *en passant*, after the manner of Mr. Grove's sneer, and now to our theme again. Should it be asked if, under the circumstances we have pointed out, the Symphony in B flat will live in public favour? we answer that, while a place among great works of its kind cannot be hoped for, it must ever remain an object of interest, not merely for the charm of its music, but also for the light it throws upon Schubert's artistic career. With regard to the latter point we will put one suggestive question:—The Fifth Symphony is concise and in admirable form; whence, then, came the diffuseness and inartistic construction of later works? It need hardly be said that the performance under Mr. Mann's direction was all that could be desired, and we wish it were not requisite to add that the audience listened with very few signs of lively interest and applauded very slightly.

The reference above made to Mr. John Francis Barnett was not made without a purpose, inasmuch as that gentleman conducted a new overture from his own pen at the concert given on Thursday by the British Orchestral Society. Such an overture was announced in the Society's prospectus, and naturally excited interest among those who have watched Mr. Barnett's career with sympathy. It professes to illustrate Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*; but its object, we are told, is less to “represent step by step the action of the drama than to depict those principle features in which, chiefly, its character is set forth.” All this, however, may be dismissed from the mind, because, heard without the help of an interpreter, the music no more suggests the *Winter's Tale* than it suggests *As You Like It*, or *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. We decline to consider any vagueness in this respect as a drawback. The overture must stand or fall according as it has, or has not, musical merit. Whether it duly sets forth the adventures of Perdita and Florizel is another and very subordinate matter, notwithstanding the fact that, if the rage for “programme music” goes on as now, we are likely to have musical illustrations of the Books of Euclid. Mr. Barnett's overture begins with an *Andante con moto*, the theme and character of which reminds us of the introduction to the *Ancient Mariner*. This is the weakest part of the work; and the *Allegro Vivace* which follows it comes as a welcome change. Mr. Barnett has developed the *Allegro* at much length, once interrupting it by a *reprise* of the *Andante* theme. His music is brilliant and effective, if neither very original nor very striking; while the scoring throughout shows much excellent taste, and the facile hand of one who knows his work. We cannot say that the overture has shown us more of the composer than we had seen before, but it unquestionably strengthens his claim to be considered a man of ability. Mr. Barnett conducted with animation, and at the close was unanimously called back to the platform amid loud applause.

THADDEUS EGG.

AMSTERDAM.—Herr and M^{me}. Joachim took part in the fourth Felix Meritis Concert. It is superfluous to say that the room was crowded in every part, and the applause enthusiastic.—Herr Hans von Bulow has been here. He gave two concerts. At the first, a “Beethoven Concert,” the programme included the following compositions by that composer: Sonata, Op. 27, No. 2; Variations, Op. 34; Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3; Sonata, Op. 110; 32 Variations in C minor; Capriccio, Op. 129; and Sonata, F minor, Op. 87. The programme of the second concert comprised pieces by Bach, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, and Beethoven.—Herr Jean Becker and his Florentine Quartet have likewise paid this town a visit.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1872-3.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

TWENTY-FIRST CONCERT, MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 17, 1873. At Eight o'clock precisely.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

QUARTET, in F minor (posthumous), for two violins, viola, and
violinello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, ZERRINI, and PIATTI Mendelssohn.
SONG—Miss CRAUFORD Mozart.
SONATA, in C major, Op. 24, for pianoforte alone—Herr FAUER Weber.

PART II.

TRIO, in D major, Op. 9, No. 2, for violin, viola, and violinello—
MM. JOACHIM, ZERRINI, and PIATTI Beethoven.
SONG—Miss CRAUFORD Schubert.
QUARTET, in D major, Op. 59, No. 6, for two violins, viola, and
violinello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, ZERRINI, and PIATTI Haydn.
CONDUCTOR SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. THE REMAINING MORNING PERFORMANCES

WILL TAKE PLACE ON
February, 15, 22; March 1, 8, 15, 22, and 29.
At Three o'clock precisely.

PROGRAMME FOR THIS DAY, FEB. 15, 1873.

QUARTET, in A major, for two violins, viola, and violinello—
MM. SAINTON, L. RIES, ZERRINI, and PIATTI Schumann.
RECIT. ("Deeper and deeper still") (Jephtha)—Mr. SIMS REEVES Handel.
AIR, ("Waft her, Angels")
SONATA, in E flat, Op. 81, "Les Adieux, L'Absence, et le
Retour," for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN Beethoven.
SONGS, ("Una rosa in cimitero") } Mr. SIMS REEVES Marian.
("A Hunter's Song") } Mendelssohn.
QUARTET, in F sharp minor, Op. 59, No. 4, for two violins, viola,
and violinello (first time at the Popular Concerts)—MM.
SAINTON, L. RIES, ZERRINI, and PIATTI Haydn.
Conductor SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.

SIXTEENTH CONCERT—THIS DAY—FEBRUARY 15, 1873.

PROGRAMME.

OVERTURE, "Abu Hassan" Weber.
ARIA, ("Come per me") (Sonnambula)—Mlle. RIZARELLI Bellini.
SERENADE for ORCHESTRA (Op. 11) Johannes Brahms.
ARIA (Semiramide)—Mr. EDWARD LLOYD Rossini.
CONCERTO for VIOLIN—Herr JOACHIM Mendelssohn.
ARIA, ("Per pietà ben") (Cosi fan tutte)—Mlle. RIZARELLI Mozart.
SONG, "The Shades of Evening"—Mr. EDWARD LLOYD F. Clay.
OVERTURE, "Masaniello" Auber.
Conductor Mr. MANNES.

DEATH.

On 6th inst., in Gower Street, H. J. ST. LEGER, Esq., aged 68.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs.
DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little
Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements
may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1873.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.

THE final appearance of this great pianist, on Tuesday last,
has naturally been the great musical event of the week.
That it has caused universal regret need hardly be said,
because in cases of this sort, as in many others, the full
value of a treasure only appears when the owner is called
upon to give it up. We do not exaggerate in saying that
for twenty years Arabella Goddard has been emphatically
a rich possession of English music-lovers. She has played

to them as no one else ever did; she has taught them con-
cerning composers and compositions of whom and of which
they would otherwise, in all probability, have remained
ignorant; and in all other ways she has proved herself a
"good and faithful servant." There may have been times
when the public failed to show a due appreciation of her
work—times, for example, when newer lights have shone
in our musical firmament. But, as last Tuesday proved, our
English pianist kept her hold upon the affections of her com-
patriots, and only the rumour of her loss was needed to
demonstrate the fact. So good cometh out of evil; and thus
it is that adversity, "though like a toad, ugly and venomous,
yet doth wear a precious jewel in his head." Henceforth,
it cannot be said that the English public failed to set a
proper value upon English art, and Madame Goddard's
leave-taking will be a stimulus to all who, like her, strive to
discharge well their duty. We might easily fill all our space
with eulogy of the incomparable artist whom we have just
lost; but, under the circumstances, we prefer to quote the
language of our contemporaries; beginning with the great
journal which, for reasons needless to explain, has kept
long silence respecting her claims to public consideration:—

(From "The Times.")

Madame Arabella Goddard's farewell concert, given on Tuesday night in
St. James's Hall, was one of extraordinary interest. No name for the last
twenty years has been more familiar to musical amateurs than that of the
lady who has now bid adieu to them for ever. What it might have been
hardly necessary to say while she was constantly appearing before them may,
on such an occasion, be stated without reserve. Proficient in every school,
Madame Goddard is excelled in none. Her general culture, indeed, is almost
without precedent. Not only has she, in the course of her long and distin-
guished career, mastered all the important works of the greatest acknowledged
composers—from Bach and Handel to Mozart, from Mozart to Beethoven,
Schubert, Hummel, Moscheles, Weber, Mendelssohn, and Sterndale Bennett
—but she also acquainted herself, and, through her performances, acquainted
the musical public, with those of men like Woelfl, Dussek, Steibelt, &c.,
who, comparatively "sidera minora," were, nevertheless, giants in their
day. Further than this, leaving what is termed "classic" out of the question,
there is, now that their author is dead, no one who can perform the fantasias
of Sigismund Thalberg with the same fluency, grace, and irreproachable
mechanism as Madame Goddard. The renowned virtuoso himself imparted
to her the secret of how to interpret them, and his instructions were the more
easily taken advantage of on account of her early studies in Paris, under
Kalkbrenner, who, as a methodical teacher for young aspirants, never had a
rival, and who often boasted, with pride, that he had made two pianists,
Marie Pleyel and Arabella Goddard—"une Pleyel en herbe," as he was wont
to say.

But what is of most interest, now that Madame Goddard has resolved to
give up public playing, is her artistic career in England. This, however, need
not be described in detail. From her first achievement, in 1853, at the con-
certs of the Quartet Association (conducted by M. Sainton), when she played
from memory the long, elaborate, and, to nineteen pianists out of twenty,
almost impracticable sonata of Beethoven, in B flat, Op. 106, to her most
recent exhibitions in public, she has only to look back to an uninterrupted
series of triumphs. At the Philharmonic Societies, "Old" and "New," at the
Birmingham Festivals, at the Crystal Palace concerts, and, last not least, at
the Monday Popular Concerts, she has been a recognized "star of the first
magnitude." And justly so; seeing that, as an English artist, she has, like a
veritable champion, maintained the honour of musical England, holding her
own against all comers. Even when—a girl of scarcely twenty—she made a
tour in Germany, she was the first who ever attempted the great sonata of
Beethoven already mentioned, her performance of which was recorded in a
long and elaborate article by the celebrated critic, Rellstab, one of Beethoven's
friends. To cite merely a paragraph or two, Herr Rellstab says:—"Only
those who, by careful study, have obtained an insight into the difficult and
complicated nature of this work, are fully capable of appreciating the extra-
ordinary and masterly performance of Miss Arabella Goddard." * * * *

"One thing is certain—it is a most stupendous task for the pianist; and the young and highly-gifted lady has the threefold merit of having played it first in Germany; of being a lady who did so; and of having accomplished her task with a fluency and perfection in which it is doubtful if any man ever equalled, much less surpassed her." This eulogy, addressed to an English pianist by one of the most experienced and uncompromising of German critics, is at least worth quoting. That Madame Goddard is the most popular artist in this country who has ever had to trust to fingers, rather than to voice, for popularity, is unquestionable; and the fact is the more gratifying to reflect upon because her popularity has been used so largely for good to the art of which she is, in her line, beyond all comparison, the most distinguished existing representative.

That Tuesday evening's concert—the "Farewell" of so universal a favourite—should have excited an unusual degree of public interest is not surprising. Never was St. James's Hall crowded by a more enthusiastic audience, and never was a concert more thoroughly enjoyed. On such an occasion the programme will hardly be uninteresting to our musical readers; we, therefore, subjoin it:—

PART I.

Quartet in F, Op. 77, No. 2.	Haydn
Song, "O, swallow, swallow"	Piatti.
"If with all your hearts" (<i>Elijah</i>)	Mendelssohn.
Sonata, "Ne Plus Ultra" (pianoforte)	Woelfl.

PART II.

Sonata, in D major, Op. 58, Pianoforte and Violoncello	Mendelssohn.
Song "Le Moine"	Meyerbeer.
Air, "Adelaide"	Beethoven.
Trio, in G major, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello	Haydn.

How Madame Goddard plays the *Ne Plus Ultra* sonata of Woelfl, which she was the first to introduce, at her own "Recitals," and subsequently at the Monday Popular Concerts, is well known; and how, when associated with Signor Piatti, she executes the splendid violoncello sonata of Mendelssohn is equally familiar to frequenters of the Monday Popular Concerts. Enough that on this important occasion she played her best—which is equivalent to saying *the best of the best*. After Woelfl's sonata, being thrice called back, she resumed her seat at the pianoforte, and gave the fantasia of her early master, Thalberg, on the English melody, "Home, sweet home." Of Haydn's genial and animated trio we need only say that it wound up the concert with *clat*. After it, Madame Goddard was twice enthusiastically called forward, and applauded "to the echo."

The singers were Messrs. Edward Lloyd and Santley. Mr. Lloyd was recalled after "Adelaide," in which he was accompanied by Madame Goddard. Mr. Santley was encored in both his songs, in the first of which he was accompanied on the violoncello by the composer, and for the second of which he substituted the serenade in *Don Giovanni*. The quartet of Haydn was admirably performed by Messrs. Carodus, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti, the first and last of whom were Madame Goddard's associates in Haydn's trio. The accompanist at the pianoforte was Sir Julius Benedict—*facile princeps*.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

On Tuesday night last, in St. James's Hall, a distinguished and remarkable artist bade farewell to the public of London. It has often to be said, as regards the musical profession, that "superfluous lags the veteran on the stage;" but Madame Arabella Goddard, reversing this order of things, makes her exit while in the prime of life, and in the zenith of her powers. The reasons for this unusual course are not stated, and they can form no matter for speculation or discussion here; but the fact itself is one calling for sincere regret. It is not often that an English pianist wins the high distinction so long enjoyed by Madame Goddard; still less often does an artist equally gifted achieve so much in the cause of art. For twenty years the lady who made her final bow last night has been the champion pianist of England, and the ready and willing servant of whatever worthy composer or worthy composition deserved a hearing. The public memory is unfortunately short, and it may be that few have a just conception of the significance appertaining to last night's proceedings. For the behoof of all the world, save that hypothetical few, we will sketch, in brief terms, the course of Madame Goddard's artistic career.

Born at St. Saens, in the South of France, in 1836, Arabella Goddard showed surprising aptitude for music at a very early age, and, when

six years old, was taken to Paris for the benefit of Kalkbrenner's instruction. Under that distinguished master, to whose admirable system her great executive powers owe not a little, Miss Goddard made such progress that, after two years' study, she appeared in public, performing on the occasion one of Hummel's concertos. The child being brought to London in 1846, Mrs. Anderson first, and next the late Thalberg, continued the work Kalkbrenner had begun; fantasias and music of a like class serving meanwhile to exhibit Miss Goddard's precocious ability in public. Her first important *début* took place at the "National Concerts," conducted by the late Balfe, at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1850, when the young artist performed, with great success, the music of Hummel and other popular writers for her instrument. The year following, Miss Goddard was placed, on Thalberg's recommendation, under the care of Mr. J. W. Davison, who at once discerned his pupil's great capacity for more serious work than had before engaged her attention. So speedily did the young pianist profit by the counsels of her master, that her real *début* as a classical player took place in 1853, at one of the New Philharmonic Concerts, then given in Exeter Hall, under Lindpaintner's direction. The work played on that occasion was the Concerto in C minor (No. 3), of Sterndale Bennett, who marked his sense of the artist's ability by presenting her with a handsome souvenir. From this time Miss Goddard led an active life—constantly adding new classical works to her repertory, and producing them at "Recitals" given by herself, or at public concerts where she was engaged. The name of those works is legion; selected with rare acumen from the then little known compositions of Dussek, Woelfl, Steibelt, Pinto, and other masters of equal rank. At this time also Miss Goddard brought forward the later sonatas of Beethoven, which very few artists cared to play. Her crowning achievement in connection with those great works took place at a concert of the excellent and too short-lived Quartet Association, established by Messrs. Sainton and Cooper, when she played from memory the Sonata in B flat (Op. 106)—a task no pianist had ever ventured to essay before a public audience. Miss Goddard repeated this memorable effort at Berlin, in 1855, and received from Herr Bellstab, the eminent critic, and friend of Beethoven, such praise as was due to a young artist who, coming from an "unmusical country" to musical Germany, successfully accomplished a task shunned by all Beethoven's compatriots. Having returned to England in 1856, Miss Goddard resumed her favourite work of reviving neglected masterpieces. In rapid succession she made the public acquainted with the fugues of Bach, Handel, and Scarlatti; the "Plus Ultra" sonata and concertos in G minor and in E flat of Dussek, the C minor sonata of Woelfl, and other works of like value. How, later, she added novelty after novelty to the programmes of the Monday Popular Concerts; was the first to play Mendelssohn's posthumous compositions; revived the name of Friedemann Bach, Eberlin, and many another half-forgotten worthy, and persistently vindicated the genius of our own composer, Sir Sterndale Bennett—all these things must be fresh in the public mind. It is impossible to look back upon such a career without admiration, and without a consciousness that the retirement of such an artist is a loss to music not easily overrated. As regards Madame Goddard's place among pianists, and with respect to her distinctive gifts, very much might be said were it necessary to assert the dignity of the one or the rare value of the other. But, though this is not necessary, we may be allowed, at such a time as the present, to recall the peculiar merits which have given Madame Goddard an abiding place in the annals of her art. Of her wonderfully correct execution it boots not to speak at length. Difficulties never seemed difficulties, as she surmounted them with the ease of one who moves along a plain and beaten path; while the keenest ears listened vainly for a false note or a sign of hesitation. Not less remarkable was her command over gradations of tone, from the faintest whisper to the loudest thunder of the Broadwood "Grand;" and no connoisseur has ever heard Mme. Goddard play a rapid scale passage, *pianissimo*, without recognising a triumph of executive art. On a par with this mechanical ability we place the great and laudable conscientiousness which prompted her always to reverence the composer whose interpreter she became. At a time when new "readings" were the fashion, and the credit of originality was sought at the expense of truth, Madame Goddard never swerved from the straight path of an obvious duty. Her business was to know the mind of the composer, and, knowing it, to represent his ideas with such faithfulness as was possible. This business, neither more nor less, she steadily pursued. It has often been charged against Madame Goddard that her playing wanted warmth, and was deficient in expression. We can understand the charge when made by that large class of the public

who hear with their eyes, because it must have seemed impossible that an artist touching every chord of musical feeling with a calm, impassive face, and well-nigh motionless figure, could herself have felt. But those who listened only with their ears were conscious of no deficiency in the subtle power through which a musical artist can excite the imagination and work upon the emotions. To them Beethoven spoke, when she interpreted, with all his passion and all his pathos; Schubert moved them with his plaintive tenderness; and Mendelssohn charmed them with his courtly and cultured grace. By such connoisseurs Madame Goddard was regarded as the finished artist, who left nothing to desire. But enough of eulogy, however much the occasion warrants it. Madame Goddard has quitted public life in England, and we cannot but feel that the chances of our boasting another such pianist, equipped for a career of equal usefulness, are small indeed.

The concert given last night was attended by a crowd which filled the Hall in every part, and was thoroughly in sympathy with the occasion. A programme, framed on the Monday Popular model, had been drawn up, comprising Haydn's Quartet in F (Op. 77), Woelfl's "Ne Plus Ultra" Sonata, Mendelssohn's Sonata in D for piano and violoncello, and Haydn's pianoforte Trio in G. The concerted works, in which Madame Goddard was assisted by Messrs. Carrodus, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti, were all capitally played and much applauded; but, as need scarcely be said, the event of the evening was the performance of Woelfl's Sonata. A storm of applause greeted Madame Goddard's appearance, and this encouraged her to play as she has only played before on exceptional occasions. The result was two enthusiastic recalls; and after that a third summons, to which the artist responded with Thalberg's "Home, sweet home." Madame Goddard also accompanied Beethoven's "Adelaide;" joined, Signor Piatti in Mendelssohn's Sonata; and, as a final act, took part in Haydn's trio, at the close of which the crowded audience bade her farewell with an earnestness of feeling she is not likely to forget. We should add that Mr. Santley sang Piatti's "Swallow, swallow, flying south," and Meyerbeer's "Le Moine"—both encored; that Mr. Lloyd was substitute for Mr. Reeves in "If with all your hearts," and "Adelaide;" and that Sir Julius Benedict accompanied all the vocal music in his own perfect way.

We understand that Madame Goddard will shortly leave England on an artistic tour through the Australian Colonies, California, the Eastern States, and Canada.

(From "The Morning Advertiser.")

In the course of a few weeks Madame Arabella Goddard will be on her way to Australia. She will go to the Colonies as the representative pianist of the old country, and the presence of such a perfect artist can do no less than exercise a beneficial effect upon the musical taste of the community on the other side of the world. Madame Goddard can ill be spared from London; for, although pianoforte players abound, there are few who unite in themselves every quality which constitutes a really great artist. There are degrees of excellence in pianists as in poets and painters, and a truly perfect development in either is a rare exception. So it must always remain; and the departure, for a considerable period, of one allowed to be irreproachable as an exponent of classical music, will leave a gap very difficult to fill up. Madame Arabella Goddard's way is prepared for her in the Australian Colonies, or wherever she may go; and we cannot doubt that musical culture in the most remote English-speaking countries or dependencies is sufficiently advanced to make her triumph sure and certain. The goodwill of the English public will follow her, and will be accompanied by wishes for her speedy return; though some time must elapse ere Madame Goddard can be heard again in London. A voyage to Australia is a very different thing from a few weeks' trip to America; but whenever the lady may re-appear after her colonial expedition, it will not be a day too soon for her many admirers at home. On Tuesday night last Madame Goddard bade farewell to London at a concert arranged on the model of the Monday Populars. St. James's Hall was the locality, and the audience was more than ordinarily numerous. Haydn's Quartet in F, for strings, Op. 77, No. 2, was played by Mr. Carrodus, Herr L. Ries, Mr. Zerbini, and Signor Piatti, with the exception of that admirable violinist, Mr. Carrodus, a familiar Monday Popular group of artists. The same composer's Trio in G major, for piano, violin, and violoncello, was played by Mme. Goddard, Mr. Carrodus, and Signor Piatti. Woelfl's Sonata, "Ne Plus Ultra," Op. 41, was the

solo chosen by Mme. Arabella Goddard, who first introduced it at the Monday Populars. Naturally enough the pianist was heard at her best on Tuesday night, and her rendering of the Sonata was as perfect an example of pianoforte playing as can well be conceived. The passages of double notes for both hands in the *Allegro moderato* were given with clearness, precision, and a deliciously crisp touch. Nothing was lost, slurred, or compromised; and the whole performance of this movement was a triumph of art. The variations on "Life let us cherish" were also given with every possible gradation of light and shade, and the third in particular served to show the pianist's extreme delicacy of touch. A storm of applause followed the performance, and Madame Goddard, being summoned to the platform a second time, responded to the compliment with Thalberg's arrangement of "Home, sweet home." The pianist was again heard, with Signor Piatti, in Mendelssohn's fine Sonata in D major for pianoforte and violoncello.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WE are always glad to welcome Mr. Henry Leslie's prospectus, especially when it is full of promise of good things drawn from the repertory which belongs as of right to Mr. Leslie's excellent choir. With regard to that choir, the good work it has done, and the superb manner of its doing, not a word need be said. Let us go at once to the prospectus of the eighteenth season. Four concerts will be given—on February 27, March 27, April 24, and May 29, respectively. In the first programme will be a selection from the works of Italian and English composers ranging from Marenzio on the one hand, down to Sir S. Bennett on the other. Sacred music will exclusively be given at the second concert; madrigals and part-songs by Sir H. Bishop and contemporaries at the third; and the fourth will be devoted to the director's benefit, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley being engaged to appear. A better or more interesting scheme could not have been drawn up.

As early as the fifteenth century, there was a permanent theatre at Metz, and on the same site as the present building. According to the town chronicles, *The Apocalypse of St. John* was presented there in 1412; *The Wonderful Deeds of the Arch-Angel Michael*, in 1480; and *The Life of Job*, in 1513. We see from the above that the pieces were founded on Biblical subjects, and the authors would—if they could—turn in their graves, were they to know the style of pieces performed on the same spot in later times. Since the theatre has again become German, however, Offenbach, and others of the same kidney, have not had it all their own way as formerly; something higher has been introduced into the bills, and the German performances were inaugurated with Schiller's *Maria Stuart*.

THE following story is "going the round" in America:—

"A meeting recently took place between Mr. Boucicault and a 'friend of his from the West.' The latter called at the inn which shelters the dramatist, and sent up his card, writing thereon, 'pressing business.' The dramatist 'saw' that card, and hastily rising from his position of repose, inserted his figure into one of Poole's most tasteful draperies, and awaited the up-coming apparition. The entire stranger entered, and grasping 'both fives' of Mr. B., observed: 'Mr. Boucicault, I have long been an admirer of yours. I have seen you play here in Bolton, London, Dublin, and New York; I hail from Chicago. I have called to tell you this to your face, and to say that I should like to borrow ten dollars.' [The dramatic author, appreciating the neat style of the man of the West, extended to him the desired greenback, and the twain parted, never, never to meet again.]

Dexter Smith says he is in no way responsible for the truth of this anecdote. Dexter Smith is wise, because we saw it recently in the *Paris Figaro*, with Alexander Dumas as its hero.

A LITTLE while ago the head of a lecture bureau in Boston received a letter from a small western village, inquiring for how much the lecture committee of the place could engage "that German singer, Lucky, with a good support for a couple of concerts?" To this the gentleman addressed replied:—

"MR DEAR SIR,—To engage that German singer, Lucky, with a good support, for a couple of concerts, I fear you would be compelled to mortgage your entire town, to say nothing of the outlying farms. If you decide to conclude the arrangement I shall be pleased to serve you.—Very truly,

The lecture agent has not yet been heard from.

The following remarkable example of fine writing appeared lately in the *Daily State Journal* of Richmond, Va. The artist spoken of is Mdle. Carlotta Patti:—

"She is one of those rare, song-inspired spirits, in whom there is a perpetual fountain of delight, ever springing up fresh and full, and pouring the richness of its treasures on all things around her; giving us a relish of higher enjoyment than we ever deemed possible of attainment in ourselves, though we find it constantly attainable in her. Her music is like the out-breakings of joy in birds, after the descent of storms, and when nature has come suddenly forth from deep shade into open sunshine. There is a charm in it that is not art, but nature. It stirs and elevates, melts and soothes, awes and inspires precisely as if an inspiration of nature moved us within the most sacred and inner precincts of her temple. It is a revelation of what we would be ourselves, if we could only reach the expandings and aspirations of the higher nature within us. Mdle. Patti is so full of music that, in her merriment, she can't help *laughing it right out*, just as a bird runs up a scale of joy in an ecstatic trill. Laughing, it is music; sighing, it is music; weeping, it is music; for, in whatever mood, her heart flows out in joyousness or sorrow, just as her audience is to be moved by the particular spell upon its spirit."

Not bad of its kind, we must admit—but the kind!

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

BLACKHEATH.—A concert was given in the Alexandra Hall, on the 4th inst., by Mr. Ridley Prentice, whose Brixton "Monthly Popular Concerts" we have more than once had occasion to notice in commendatory terms. Mr. Prentice has recently accepted the appointment of organist of Christ Church, Lee Park, the congregation of which, with the neighbouring gentry, were well represented at his concert. The programme embraced several items of a classical character, notably Haydn's pianoforte Trio in G. No. 1; Woelfl's "Ne Plus Ultra" Sonata; a Sonata for Violoncello by Marcello; Mendelssohn's pianoforte Trio in C minor; and violin and piano solos by Tartini, Schubert, and Schumann. These works, entrusted to the careful interpretation of Messrs. Prentice, Holmes, and Piatti, were executed in the most irreproachable manner, whilst the warm plaudits which rewarded their conscientious efforts at the termination of each performance indicated a thorough appreciation of the musical feast. The vocalists who contributed to the entertainment were Miss Ellen Horne and Madame Patey, the last-named of whom included amongst her songs an expressive sacred air, entitled "Hear my prayer," written by the *beneficitaire*.

MR. HALLETT SHEPPARD gave a performance of his new "Mass of St. Wilfrid," for male voices and organ, to a numerous audience, on Monday evening, at St. Mary's Chapel, Sloane Street. Although the real effect of such a work can only be properly estimated when in connection with a religious service, the performance afforded great satisfaction to those present, and the work is highly creditable to Mr. Hallett Sheppard as a composer of Church music. Amongst the different movements demanding particular notice is the "Kyrie," with its sweet and captivating melody; the "Credo," in which the "Incarnatus est" is especially effective; also the "Benedictus" and "Agnus Dei." In the latter the charming motive of the "Kyrie" is again happily introduced. We omit to mention the exquisite "Offertorium" (a movement for organ solo in G major), the subject of which is treated in musician-like style. This highly symphonic movement might, indeed, be scored for a full band, and produce great effect as an instrumental piece. That Mr. Hallett Sheppard, who is known as one of our best organ-players, gave it to perfection, need scarcely be mentioned. The "Mass" was finely sung by a select chorus of male voices; and we congratulate Mr. Hallett Sheppard on the deserved success of his new work, which, under the present restrictions in the Roman Catholic Chapels, will be of great value to their choirs.

BREMEN.—At the fifth of the so-called Private Concerts, the programme included Symphony, in G minor, No. 4, Raff; Overture to *Coriolan*, Beethoven, and Overture to *Euryanthe*, Weber. Madame Hallwachs-Heintz, from Berlin, played Schubert's "Wandererphantasia," as arranged by Liszt, and a Fantasia by the same composer on motives from Mendelssohn's music to a *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Herr Schelper was the vocalist.

MILAN.—The general rehearsals of Senor Gomez's new opera: *Fosca*, commenced at the Scala some short time since. The work ought to be produced within a few days, but the management has been so unlucky this season—some of the papers say it is under the influence of the *jettatura*, or "evil eye"—that it is impossible to say when the event will really come off, or whether it will even come off at all. After *Fosca*, Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin* is set down for production. It is said that Herr Wagner will himself come and conduct, but anent the last point, namely, that of Herr Wagner's presence here, grave doubts are entertained by many.

PROVINCIAL.

DEVONPORT.—Mrs. John Macfarren, the eminent London pianist, assisted by two accomplished vocalists, Miss Agnes Drummond (soprano) and Mr. Henry Guy (tenor), gave a very attractive little concert on Wednesday, February 5th. Mrs. Macfarren's playing of a varied selection of pieces by the best composers was warmly appreciated, and she responded to a vociferous encore for Brissac's *Fantasia* on Welsh melodies, by repeating the concluding theme, "The March of the Men of Harlech." Miss Drummond's and Mr. Guy's admirable singing of the duets, "Mira la bianca luna" (Rossini), "Da quel di" (Donizetti), and "O Maritana" (Wallace), were prominent features in the programme. Miss Drummond won an encore in the late Tom Cook's "Over hill, over dale." Mr. Guy had to repeat his own pretty ballad, "Philomel," and Mr. G. A. Macfarren's "My own, my guiding star."

PLYMOUTH.—The members and friends of the Mechanics' Institute were treated to a musical entertainment last evening, the like of which they have not had the pleasure of listening to for some time past. The large hall was well filled, the audience being gathered together, no doubt, through the intimation that the concert would be by distinguished artists, and that any were disappointed in their expectations of a good entertainment, cannot for a moment be believed. Miss Agnes Drummond (soprano), Mr. H. Guy (tenor), and Mrs. John Macfarren (pianist), each in their several efforts, were loudly and repeatedly applauded, and the execution of various pieces on the piano, performed in a most accomplished manner, elicited a spontaneous burst of approval at the conclusion of each.

LEAMINGTON.—On Wednesday last, Mr. Klitz gave a lecture on the "Science of Music and its Influences on Society," at Leamington. The *Chronicle* of Saturday says:—

"Mr. Klitz commenced his subject by alluding, in a highly intellectual address, to the power of music, its general characteristics, and enlivened his lecture by very useful and forcible anecdotes. We may truthfully say that Mr. Klitz is a pianist of no common order, and his vocal illustrations were performed in the most finished style, and fully showed the accomplished master of his art. In his hands, also, the concertina is made to produce the most charming effects of which this popular instrument is capable. He elicited universal applause throughout the entertainment."

The Leamington *Courier* spoke in the highest terms of the playing of Mr. Klitz.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me, through your columns, to plead the cause of one in deep distress, with the circumstances of whose case I have just been made acquainted.

Mr. G. R. G. Pringle (formerly a chorister at St. Margaret's Chapel, Marylebone), who was decidedly one of the leading musicians in Melbourne, and respected alike for his amiability of character, readiness to assist those in need, and high moral worth, owing to the critical state of his wife, returned to Europe some time since, in the forlorn hope of saving her life. The inevitable expenses of the voyage and a lengthened stay in this country made extensive demands upon his pecuniary resources; but the object of his journey attained, and his wife happily restored to health—like the true artist he was—before returning to the Antipodes, he sought to avail himself of the pre-eminent advantages afforded by a course of study in the world-renowned art-centre of Leipzig, where (to quote from a letter I have received from the English chaplain) "he sunk into a premature grave, after lengthened and costly sickness, leaving his wife and four children (two of them under five) literally destitute in a strange land." The Rev. Mr. Whitford goes on to say:—"Her best, if not sole, hope for the future is to take her children back to their birthplace, i.e., Melbourne, where her brother can help her, and the high repute and cherished name of the dead artist will help them as nowhere else."

The cost of the voyage, at the lowest possible estimate, will amount to £100, and it is important that they should sail one month hence. In the hope that those whom fortune has favoured in their artistic career will not forget others less prosperous, thus suddenly deprived of their natural protector, and cast helpless on the world, I venture to ask, under such exceptionally painful circumstances, if you will spare me space for the insertion of this appeal. I may add that the Rev. Upton Richards, All Saints, Margaret Street; G. A. B. Beecroft, Esq., 4, Gloucester Terrace, Regent's Park; Messrs. Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, and Messrs. Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street, W., have kindly consented to receive and acknowledge any contributions sent to them. Donations may also be forwarded to Rev. R. W. Whitford, Elisen Strasse, 17 b.t., Leipzig, or to me.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

FREDERIC ARCHER.

6, Newton Terrace, Lee, S.E.,
February 12th, 1873.

Organist, Alexandra Palace,
Muswell Hill, N.

AM I TO DIE?

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—Knowing your kind feeling towards those who have fallen from the pinnacle of fame, through caprice or fashion, or pushed off the high-road into the "Slough of Despond," by some gaudy, over-dressed, flimsy trickster, I appeal to you, Sir, to help me out of my truly deplorable condition. I had friends *once*; they, like shadows, have departed, and have left names that will live, while those who have hustled me out of sight and sound will be forgotten, but who are now flourishing their flimsy finery, and, without a blush of shame, sending forth crudities and nudities that would have been hissed off the stage when my friends, Balfé, Wallace, Barnett, and a host of others, flourished the *bâton*, who never degraded themselves by pandering to a debased taste! Who can charge my truest friend of all, Alfred Bunn, with stealing "Baron Nicholson's" (Judge and Jury Club) "Tit-bits," as he called them, or culling from the "Cyder Cellars" their "spicy ditties," or pilfering from the "Coal-hole" a shovelful of gross vulgarity? No, no! "Alfred" had a soul above "Music Halls" and "cellar-flaps," and did all he could to raise *English* authors, singers, and musicians to the position they ought to hold. Many a man has had a monument erected to his memory who deserves it *less* than the late Alfred Bunn. Whatever his shortcomings were, he was *true* to his countrymen, and fostered national talent.

I am homeless; why should I be when there is a fine house lying waste in the Haymarket, which only wants putting in order, and which could be done as readily as the building of the "Albert Hall?" If Her Gracious Majesty would only come forward and stretch out her helping hand, the nobles and wealthy of the land would soon take up the shares, and I should be again fostered and cared for, and in a short time repay with interest all the cost they may have been put to. Besides, Sir, I feel I have a claim upon my country. Why should such large sums of money be lavished and squandered, in some instances, upon my two sisters, "Art and Science," annually, while I am left totally unprovided for; in fact, never thought of? Is there no one bold enough to bring my claims before the House of Lords or Commons? What have I done, Sir, to be treated with such silent contempt? Is my sweet voice never to be heard again? Am I to be left to die?—Yours, &c.,

MISS ENGLISH OPERA.

Door-Step, Colonnade, Haymarket.

THE OLD MAN'S DARLING.

(Copyright.)

Her mother was his early love,
Her sire his boyhood's friend;
And when they pass'd away, their child
The old man vow'd to tend.

She was the sunshine of his home,
A rose so fresh and gay,
That nestled to his lonely heart
More closely day by day.

And then she had her mother's smile,
Her eyes and golden hair,
And oft would smooth and kiss his brow,
And chase away a care.

What wonder then that to his heart
Crept back the love of old—
But autumn may not wed with spring—
He cherished it untold.

And when there came a seemly knight,
To woo her from his side,
The old man smiled upon him,
For her sake, his joy and pride.

But fickle was the knight and false
(A story threadbare old),
He woo'd her for a little while,
Then wed for lands and gold.

A blighted flow'r can bloom no more;
The old man wept one day,
As murmuring the name she lov'd,
His darling passed away.

He laid her by her mother's side,
Beneath a willow tree,
And carv'd upon a simple stone,
"God gave and took Marie."

LOUISA GRAY.

ORGAN NEWS.

The following is a description of the organ built for St. Martin's Church, Leicester, by J. W. Walker & Sons. In the instrument has been incorporated the pipe work—2 sound boards, and bellows—of the original organ by Snetzler, of 2½ rows of keys, and 23 stops.

The instrument has four complete manuals, and an independent pedal organ. Pneumatic lever applied to great organ, swell organ, and couplers.

GREAT ORGAN (CC TO G IN ALTO).			
Stops.		Ft. Pipes.	
1. Double Open Diapason (metal) ..	16	56	
2. Large Open Diapason (metal) ..	8	56	
3. Small Open Diapason (metal) ..	8	56	
4. Horn Diapason (metal) ..	8	56	
The Bass of these stops form the two fronts, S and W.			
5. Stopped Diapason (wood) ..	8	tone 56	
6. Clarabella, Tenor C (wood) ..	44		
7. Principal (metal) ..	4	56	
8. Harmonic Flute (metal and wood) ..	4	tone 56	
9. Twelfth (metal) ..	2½	56	
10. Fifteenth (metal) ..	2	56	
11. Mixture, 5 ranks (metal) ..	—	280	
12. Posanne (metal) ..	8	56	
13. Clarion (metal) ..	4	56	
			940

SWELL ORGAN (CC TO G IN ALTO).			
1. Lieblich Bourdon (wood) ..	16	tone 56	
2. Open Diapason (metal) ..	8	56	
3. Flauto Dolce, Gamut G, lower Notes grooved into No. 5 (wood) ..	8	feet & 8 tone 49	
4. Keraulophon (metal) ..	8	56	
5. Lieblich Gedact (wood) ..	8	tone 56	
6. Principal (metal) ..	4	56	
7. Lieblich Flute (metal and wood) ..	4	tone 56	
8. Twelfth (metal) ..	2½	56	
9. Flageolet (wood) ..	2	56	
10. Mixture, 4 ranks (metal) ..	—	234	
11. Contra Fagotto (metal) ..	16	56	
12. Horn (metal) ..	8	56	
13. Trumpet (metal) ..	8	56	
14. Hautboy (metal) ..	8	56	
15. Clarion (metal) ..	4	56	
			1001

CHOIR ORGAN (CC TO G IN ALTO).			
1. Prepared for Lieblich Bourdon	8		
2. Open Diapason (metal) ..	8	56	
3. Stopped Diapason (wood) ..	8	tone 56	
4. Dulciana (metal) ..	8	56	
5. Voix Celeste, Tenor C, undulating with No. 4 (metal) ..	8	44	
6. Flute (wood) ..	4	tone 56	
7. Principal (metal) ..	4	56	
8. Fifteenth (metal) ..	2	56	
9. Cremona and Bassoon (metal) ..	8	tone 56	
			436

ECHO ORGAN (CC TO G IN ALTO).			
1. Bell Gamba (metal) ..	8	56	
2. Wald Flute (wood) ..	8	feet & 8 tone 56	
3. Echo Dulciana, Lieblich Bass (metal and wood) ..	8	56	
4. Dulcet (metal) ..	4	56	
5. Echo Flageolet, Harmonic (metal) ..	2	56	
6. Vox Humana (metal) ..	8	tone 56	
			336

PEDAL ORGAN (CCC TO F).			
1. Open Diapason (wood) ..	16	42	
2. Bourdon (wood) ..	16	tone 42	
3. Prepared for Violoncello	10½	tone 42	
4. Quint Bass (wood) ..	10½	tone 42	
5. Principal (metal) ..	8	42	
6. Prepared for Fagotto	—		
7. Space left for 32 feet tone Sub Bass	—		
			168

COUPLERS, &c.			
1. Swell to Pedals	4.	Composition Pedals to Great Organ	
2. Choir to Pedals	4.	" " Swell "	
3. Great to Pedals	4.	" " " "	
4. Swell to Great	4.	" " " "	
5. Swell Octave to Great	4.	" " " "	
6. Swell to Choir	4.	" " " "	
7. Pedal Octave	4.	" " " "	
8. Heel Pedal Ventil acting on Pedal Organ, shutting off all but Bourdon	4.	" " " "	
9. Heel Pedal Ventil acting on Coupler, Great to Pedal and Swell to Pedal	4.	" " " "	
10. Echo to Pedal	4.	" " " "	
11. Choir to Echo, and worked by Toe Pedal	4.	" " " "	
12. Tremulant to Echo Organ	4.	" " " "	

SUMMARY.			
Great Organ	Stops. Pipes.	
Swell	13	940
Choir	15	1001
Echo	8	436
Pedal	6	336
Couplers, &c.	4	168
		12	
Total	58	2881

This noble instrument is now standing at the manufactory, Francis Street, Tottenham Court Road, where rehearsals were given on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday last, by Dr. Stainer and Mr. Best.

MADRID.—Señor Salvadore Colantes, one of the best modern poets of Spain, has been commissioned to translate *Dinorah* into Spanish, so that Meyerbeer's popular work may be represented by Spanish artists.

PATRIOTIC dramas would have a fair chance were they allowed in Schleswig-Holstein, where the love for Denmark is far from extinct. During the performance of a piece, called *The Recruit*, recently at Hadersleben, immense enthusiasm was created by the appearance on the stage of an actor wearing the Danish cockade. A policeman who was present hissed to no purpose, but the higher authorities suppressed the patriotic drama next day.

HERR R. WAGNER AT HAMBURGH AND BERLIN.

During a tolerably long experience of the world, we have found that the number of persons who hide their light under the proverbial bushel is exceedingly small. Such individuals there are, no doubt, but among them we certainly cannot class the Poet-Musician of the Future, the author of *Opera and Drama*, the composer of *Lohengrin* and *Der Ring der Nibelungen*. That Herr R. Wagner's good opinion of himself has not diminished is proved by what occurred at the second concert got up in this old Hanse Town by his admirers, for the purpose of raising funds towards the erection of the famous National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre at Bayreuth. The concert was most numerous attended, and Herr Wagner himself conducted. He received a warm welcome on making his appearance, and liberal applause followed each piece. At the conclusion of the concert, the composer was recalled several times, and, at last, to lend, we suppose, variety to the proceedings, made a few observations "in his own peculiar manner," as the *Berlin Echo* observes, "a manner which must appear strange to those not familiar with his mental conformation." This "manner," as readers of the *Musical World* cannot fail by this time to be aware, is the way he has of affirming, in season and out of season, that he, Richard Wagner, is every one, and that no other being is anybody. We do not require a careful analysis to prove that such is the gist of everything he has ever written or said; a very cursory glance at his writings, the reports of his speeches in public, or utterances in private, will prove this to be the fact. On the present occasion, he intended, perhaps, to thank the audience for the enthusiasm they had displayed in his cause, but his intention was, at any rate, not very clear, or strongly expressed. On the contrary, the principal characteristic of his speech was not gratitude to his hearers, but the self-sufficiency of a man who is convinced of the sacred nature of his mission, and is unable to understand how others can conceive or harbour a doubt about it. He observed that it was only by a small circle of friends that he had been invited to be present that day, but that he should leave with the conviction that the small circle had been greatly extended. He said that he left the Hamburgers as a legacy, on his departure, one thought: The thought of his magnanimous, grand, and significant enterprise. He exhorted them to make this their own; for the town of Hamburg would suffer no dishonour by helping to build the new theatre. A great many of those present liked neither the gist nor the form of these remarks; they expected, at any rate, thanks and an acknowledgment of their zeal for art first, whatever might have followed in the way of egotism and self-laudation. Wagner, however, has long forgotten the use of honied words, and his admirers must be content to take him as he is, or turn from him altogether. Our contemporary above named says: "Who shall say whether his presence, the production of his works under his own personal direction, and his intercourse with the orchestra and the public, will have contributed to destroy the doubts as to his qualities as an artist, or whether people still fling at his head the charge of a dilettanteism, which alone, as such, attracts and amuses the great dilettante-mass? Wagner, however, is never unready, like the dilettante, who, though possessing the will to do something, always remains sticking at that point, and gets no further. What Wagner wishes to do, he is able to do; that is a fact we do not deny. That his employment of artistic resources is exaggerated, degenerating into ugliness, and frequently into distortion, is another thing. But it is by no means necessary to follow an individual like Wagner through thick and thin. He is a man like us all, and human imperfection vainly strives to attain the really Ideal; but that man is a great man who has effected more than the best among his fellows. This is the standard for measuring all human efforts; its adoption will preserve us from worshipping false idols, and from depreciating the truly eminent."

Among the pieces performed at the first concert the following were repeated at the second: the Prelude to *Lohengrin*, the Prelude to, and concluding movement of, *Tristan und Isolde*, the "Kaisermarsch," and Siegmund's "Love Song," from the opera of *Die Walküre*. The additional pieces were the overture to *Tannhäuser*, together with the "Hammer Song" and the "Smelting Song" from *Siegfried*. Some astonishment was expressed at

the last two songs figuring in the programme of a concert; they can scarcely be conceived apart from the stage, for it is hardly possible that such realistic music can be adequately performed without stage accessories and "properties." The "Hammer Song" was encored. Herr Lederer sang it extremely well, though he lacked strength to hold his own against the rumbling orchestra. Herr Wagner took the *allegro* of the *Tannhäuser* overture at a pretty moderate tempo; other parts, however, he scampered through at a break-neck rate.

The following address relative to the above concerts was published in a local paper:—

"Israelites, Richard Wagner is here to superintend the performance of his own compositions. Richard Wagner is the author of the book: *Judaism in Music*. In that book he endeavours to bring Judaism into disrepute and trample it in the dust, though it is founded on honesty, and its supreme law is the moral law: 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife.' Israelites, be worthy the name of Israel. Far be from you any thought of attending such performances; show that you know your own value. Respect yourselves, if you would enjoy the esteem of your fellow citizens.—*Jacopo Türkeim*."

Herr Wagner has since repeated the same programme for the same purpose in the Concerthaus, Berlin, and with a highly satisfactory result for the funds of the National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre at Bayreuth. Though a front seat cost five thalers, and a box a hundred, every place was taken. The Emperor himself was present the greater part of the evening. At the conclusion of the concert, Herr Wagner was greatly applauded, overwhelmed with flowers, and several times recalled. As a natural consequence, he made a speech, but, though it would certainly not lay him open to a charge of modesty, it was not quite so highly spiced with arrogance and overweening self-conceit as the one he delivered at Hamburg.

MOZART AND SCHIKANEDER.

One fine morning, in the spring of 1791, Schikaneder, the manager of the Theater an der Wien, entered precipitately the little bedroom occupied by Mozart, who generally did not retire till late at night, and did not rise till an equally late hour next day.

"How can you possibly sleep away the whole morning, with such beautiful weather!" exclaimed the manager, in a hoarse voice.

Mozart, roughly roused by these words, sat up, and said: "Is breakfast ready, that you come so soon? Confound it," he continued, rubbing his eyes, and gazing fixedly at his friend, "You look very beaming and strange! What is the matter with you?"

Schikaneder's costume was in rather a disordered state; he had even forgotten to put on a neck-handkerchief. His dishevelled hair showed that the hair-dresser had not touched it, while over his face was spread an expression of joy mingled with a touch of anxiety and bitterness.

"What is the matter with me," replied Schikaneder, "you know what is the matter with me as well as I do. Debts and creditors—that is what is the matter with me. I have not closed an eye all night, and, if you do not help me, I am a lost man."

Mozart burst into a loud peal of laughter, in which his friend was nearly joining. "I must confess," he at length remarked, "that you have come to the right place for cash. Do you see that empty bottle? Well—I obtained it with Constance's money—she is so good. I cannot work without sleep, and I cannot sleep without wine. I really do not know how I shall sleep next week! Oh! you have called to ask me to extricate you from your difficulties. I suppose you did it for a joke."

"Listen, Mozart," replied Schikaneder, in a serious tone; "I knew all that before I came. I have been thinking the matter over all night. Your purse is empty, but your heart is full; you have no money in your strongbox, but you have some in your pen. You must compose an opera for my theatre, and save me."

"My dear sir," replied Mozart, "the patient might die while the medicine was in preparation."

"Only pledge me your word and I am saved. Everyone knows that Mozart always keeps his word."

"Yes—but how about the libretto?"

"Oh, I will take that upon myself. I drew up the plot in the night."

"Oh, indeed! I should like to hear it."

Hereupon, Schikaneder told him a story, entitled *Lulu*, contained in a work by Wieland.

"Something may be made out of it," said Mozart, as he got up and began dressing. "But it will take time; it cannot be done in a moment."

"On the contrary, it must not take time; it must be done very quickly. You must begin this very day thinking over the situations and the isolated airs; as for the rest—music as well as words—I will answer for that. My prompter, Haselback, can write rhymes. I composed, long ago, some music which will do admirably. I will call the work *The Enchanted Flute*. I will establish a contrast between love triumphing over every obstacle, and hatred crawling like a reptile by its side. The whole will be somewhat mystical, so that certain persons shall not recognize themselves. You know Wieland's famous story, though; there, give me your hand, and let the thing be done in a month."

Mozart shook his hand; Schikaneder could not refrain from pressing him to his bosom and exclaiming: "My dear friend, you have saved my life. I would rather have killed myself than been a bankrupt."

Schikaneder's joy was very great, but it was somewhat damped, when, a fortnight afterwards, the manager of the Leopold Stadtheater announced: *Caspar, the Hautboy Player, or the Enchanted Guitar*, a fairy burletta, with vocal and instrumental music, and taken from the same story by Wieland. Schikaneder ran to his friend's with the sad news; but, instead of being discouraged, Mozart turned the occurrence to very good account.

"That is just what I want," he said. "Sarastro, the villain and despot, does not suit me at all; we must make him a kind of pontiff, a priest of wisdom, the grand-master of a lodge of masons; he shall sing the praises of peace and wisdom in a style half sacred and half profane. He will be a man of progress, sculptured on the antique model. As a general rule, vulgar ideas and vulgar personages do not please me; I do not like pieces merely interspersed with songs. I will write an opera; I promised I would, and I will keep my word."

"Do not be too serious," said Schikaneder. "You have been very fond of philosophising for some time past."

"That is because I am often thinking of death," replied Mozart, as he sat down at the piano. "Just listen; does that air please you?"

With these words, he sang Tamino's air: "Dies Bildniß ist bezaubernd schön." Having once begun, he went through the whole of the first act. Schikaneder was struck by the part of the Queen of Night, so brilliant vocally, and so insignificant dramatically. He alluded to the fact, and Mozart replied that he had had in his mind his sister-in-law, Madame Hofer, whom he recommended to his friend. Now, all this lady possessed was a fine voice, so Mozart had taken care she should disappear immediately after her grand and spirited air. Schikaneder gave an approving nod and left, shortly afterwards, though not without begging Mozart not to compose the part of Papageno before consulting him, as it was he who was going to play it. Mozart consented to everything. To be better within reach, he worked in a sort of summer-house belonging to the manager, and spent the whole day in his house. On one occasion, while sitting at table with his poet, Mozart said: "Well; shall I set your air? I am in the vein."

"Certainly," replied Schikaneder. Mozart turned up the cloth and began writing. In a few minutes, he presented the notes to the manager.

"That is too learned for me," said the latter, and Mozart immediately tore it up.

When the first bottle of champagne was emptied, Mozart repeated the question: "Will you have your air now?"

"Certainly," replied Schikaneder, half tipsy. Mozart leaned upon a bureau, and jotted down the notes.

"That is not simple enough for Papageno," remarked Schikaneder, looking over Mozart's shoulder.

"Confound it, what on earth do you want?" cried Mozart, tearing up the second sheet of paper. Hereupon, Schikaneder hummed a simple, nay, almost common air.

"You shall have it," replied Mozart, raising his voice, as he left the room. He remained absent a quarter of an hour,

and, when he returned, he brought back also the duet: "Bei Männern welche Liebe fühlen." This time, Schikaneder was contented, and the champagne flowed freely till midnight. What a pity that the first songs were destroyed in the manner described!

But the poor manager was not at the end of his troubles. The Emperor Leopold was crowned at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and the States of Bohemia summoned Mozart to Prague, and commissioned him to compose, as quickly as he could, an opera, *La Clemenza di Tito*, for a fête they intended giving in the Emperor's honour. Schikaneder, however, was not discouraged, and, while awaiting his friend's return, sang Papageno's song to his creditors, and they promised they would wait. On the 12th September Mozart was back again in Vienna, and, on the 30th of the same month, the first performance of *Die Zauberflöte* took place, with the following cast: Tamino, Herr Schack; Sarastro, Herr Gerl; Die Königin der Nacht, Mdlme. Hofer; Pamina, Madame Gottlieb; Papageno, Schikaneder.

Mozart himself conducted, and Herr Henneberg, the usual conductor, took his place among the other musicians. When the audience called for the composer, it was a long time before he could be found. He had hidden himself in the prompter's box. The piece had a tremendous run, but Mozart did not long enjoy his triumph. He wrote his *Requiem*, and died on the 5th December, 1791, during a most severe frost. He was scarcely thirty-six, having been born on the 27th Jan., 1756.

Schikaneder paid Mozart a hundred ducats; as for himself, he soon became a rich man. He rebuilt his theatre, and on the fore-front he had Papageno put with his Pan's pipe in his hand. It was for a long time believed in Germany, that Schikaneder stole the score of *Die Zauberflöte*. He was, in truth, one of the most ungrateful friends that ever lived. Luckily, now-a-days, the vice of ingratitude is disappearing more and more: people no longer do kindnesses.*

A. WEILL.

—o— WAIFS.

Mr. Longhurst is appointed organist of Canterbury Cathedral.

Mr. Nelson Varley, it is said, proposes to make Boston his home.

The "Boston Oratorio Class" are rehearsing the *Woman of Samaria*. There are vacancies for three choristers (boys) in Peterborough Cathedral.

A Cincinnati critic affectionately alludes to "Rube, the piano-pounder." Rubenstein is meant.

The plates of Mr. P. S. Gilmore's "History of the Peace Jubilee" were destroyed by the great fire.

"Her little bed is empty!"—sequel to "Put me in my little bed—is the very latest popular sentimental song.

Carlotta Patti and troupe were on the cars at the recent terrible railway accident in Georgia. Their wardrobe and piano were destroyed. The artists were unhurt.

Mr. P. S. Gilmore has just received a present of silver plate from Mr. Dan Godfrey and the Grenadier Guards' Band of London, as a souvenir of their pleasant visit to Boston.

Mr. H. Weist Hill, the well known violinist of Her Majesty's Opera, and principal of the Royal Academy of Music, has received the important appointment of permanent conductor of music at the Alexandra Palace.

The seventh season of the Schubert Society is announced to commence on Wednesday next, under the able direction of Herr Schubert, and the reputation it has already acquired will no doubt be honourably sustained.

A new modern comedy, written by a Manchester gentleman, a barrister, now practising in London, entitled *The Two Lords*, will be produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre immediately after the withdrawal of Wilkie Collins' *Man and Wife*.

A lady—American, of course—writes that she wants a piece of music "with sentimental words that almost silently flow from the depths of concealed sorrow, revealing a sad heart's tenderest emotion in a tone that would melt an iceberg, and crumble adamant to dust."

The death of Mr. H. J. St. Leger, a gentleman for many years well known to the musical profession and to amateurs, is announced. He was buried on Wednesday at Kensal Green, near his old friends and compatriots Balfe and Wallace. Mr. St. Leger was in his 69th year.

* It is to be hoped that the last remark is merely a sort of rhetorical flourish; an attempt on M. Weill's part to wind up with what he considers a piece of smart writing, and not the result of his own experience. If M. Weill has really found men as bad as he here insinuates, we pity him, and are glad to say we have not.—TRANSLATOR.

Sir Robert P. Stewart gave his fourth lecture on Irish Music, in the lecture hall, Trinity College, Dublin. It was full and fashionably attended. Her Excellency the Countess Spencer, accompanied by Lady Victoria Spencer, and attended by Captain Wynne Finch, were present.

We are requested by the authoress of "The music of the soul" to reprint the second verse, into which, as printed, an error had crept. The corrected verse runs thus:—

"It comes from Heav'n, and well I know
That such rich gifts are rare;
If used aright they purify,
Or else they prove a snare."

The amount of perversion of which the English language is capable, it was generally thought, had been settled by the writer on the *World* who perpetrates the news splinters. But the *Boston Courier* has a London correspondent who awakens new hopes. He writes that: "The costly *Babil* and *Bijou* is still running, and as a spectacle is magnificent, but as a dramatic production it marks the culminating point of the degeneracy from which it is to be hoped we are now beginning to emerge."—*Arctadian*.

Numerous friends of William Hamilton, Esq., being desirous of offering him a testimonial of esteem and respect on his retirement from the office of H. B. M. Consul at Boulogne-sur-Mer, which he has so worthily filled during a period of 57 years, a meeting to concert on the best means of carrying out this object was held on Monday, February 3rd, when an influential committee was formed. Messrs. Adams, Bankers of Boulogne, and Messrs. Coutts & Co., of London, will kindly receive subscriptions.

The late Mr. Balfe left an MS. opera, called *The Knights of the Leopard*, the libretto by Mr. A. Mattheson, based on Sir Walter Scott's romance. Madame Nilsson-Rouzeaud having expressed her readiness to play the principal part—the queen of Richard Cœur de Lion—it is proposed, if time should permit, to produce an Italian adaptation at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, during the forthcoming season. The score was left uncompleted by Mr. Balfe, but Sir Michael Costa has kindly edited it and added a finale, at the request of the widow.

Two paintings by Mr. R. Clothier, of Chepstow Place, Bayswater, have been lately exhibited at the Dublin Exhibition, the Society of British Artists, London, and the Birmingham School of Art, and met with much admiration. One is an excellent portrait of Mr. J. L. Toole, in his famous character of Caleb Plummer, in the "Cricket on the Hearth;" the other is from Goldsmith's "Haunch of Venison," representing the poet dining with Mr. and Mrs. Beau Tibbs. The former picture ought to adorn the walls of the Junior Garrick Club.—*Bayswater Chronicle*.

The Edinburgh Orchestral Festival commenced on Thursday, when Mdlle. Nita-Gaetano, Mr. W. Castle, Herr Straus, Mr. C. Hallé, and Madame Norman-Néruda were the leading artists, and there was an orchestra of seventy performers at each concert. On Saturday next, the 22nd, a grand morning concert is to be given under the auspices of the Choral Union. The artists of Her Majesty's Theatre, including Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Sinico, Mdlle. Justine Macvitz, the new Polish mezzo-soprano, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signors Tombesi, Borella, Campobello, and Agnesi, will appear.

When J. Grau opened his opera bouffe in Fourteenth Street, and produced *Genevieve de Brabant*, the *Tribune* said that no respectable lady who cared for her reputation would be seen at the entertainment. Six months afterwards the manager acknowledged in our hearing that his business had never quite got over that criticism, and that even then respectable ladies who attended his house held their heads down when they entered. Mr. Grau did not, however, bring an action against the *Tribune*, we are happy to say. The truth is, criticism is valuable only for the truth it contains. The world is very rapidly arriving at the conclusion that error acquires no additional force by reiteration, and that a truth is valuable whether uttered by a critic or evolved by a community.—*New York Arcadian*.

NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The £1,000 Challenge Prize—a magnificent cup and cover in silver gilt and enamel, Gothic style, standing three feet high—is to be publicly presented to the South Wales Choral Union, on Tuesday, the 25th inst., at the Crystal Palace. A deputation, consisting of L. L. Dillwyn, Esq., M.P., G. O. Morgan, Esq., M.P., T. Meyrick, Esq., M.P., W. Williams, Esq., M.P., with other M.P.'s and gentlemen connected with South Wales, will represent the choir at the ceremony, which it is expected will be the occasion of a large Welsh gathering in the centre transept. The deputation will be received by the directors of the company, with Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P., at their head. Arrangements, we understand, are in progress to receive the cup at Aberdare on the Thursday following, with all fitting honours. The arrival of the artistic trophy in South Wales, and the enthusiasm it is likely to excite, will form an agreeable contrast to other matters lately connected with that part of the Principality.

A London journal informs us that Mme. Patti has been offered some interest in the direction of the Italian Opera at St. Petersburg, and will therefore renounce her engagement to go to America. It adds "What will Jonathan say to this?" Jonathan has nothing to say. He isn't even surprised.—*Arctadian*.

"SONGS FOR SAILORS."—His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh has, through Colonel the Hon. W. J. Colville, favoured Dr. W. C. Bennett with his permission to dedicate to His Royal Highness the second edition of his "Songs for Sailors," the first edition of 2,500 copies having been nearly exhausted in six weeks.

STUTTGART.—The Conservatory of Music, which is under the patronage of the King, received, last autumn, 170 new pupils. The number of pupils at the present moment is 488, being 35 more than last year. Of these, 177—namely 61 males, and 116 females—intend following music as a profession. 243 pupils belong to Stuttgart; 28 are from other parts of Wurtemberg; 16 from Baden; 5 from Bavaria; 22 from Prussia; 1 from Alsace; 3 from the Saxon Duchies; 2 from Bremen; 3 from Hamburg; 7 from Austria; 32 from Switzerland; 4 from France; 54 from Great Britain and Ireland; 9 from Russia; 1 from the Danubian Principalities; 1 from Turkey; 2 from Spain; 51 from North America; 2 from Africa; and 2 from Australia.—A monster concert has been given in the Theatre Royal for the benefit of the victims of the inundations in the Baltic. The performers were members of all the military bands in the Wurtemberg Army Corps. The idea was started by Lieutenant General von Stulpnagel. An orchestra about 240 strong was formed from the bands of seven line regiments, one of which is quartered in Alsace, four cavalry regiments, the artillery brigade, and the pioneers; to these were added some fifty drummers and fifers. The opening piece in the first part of the programme was dedicated to the King of Wurtemberg; that in the second to the Emperor of Germany; both pieces were played in full uniform, the performers wearing their helmets, which they laid aside when executing the other pieces in the programme. Herr Saro, of Berlin, conducted. The Court was present during the whole of the concert, which, in consequence of its great success, will probably be repeated.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

W. CZERNY.—"A capricious moment;" "A Postman's knock;" "Festive seasons;" "Liebeszauber," for the pianoforte alone, by Henrich Stiehl; "La Follette;" and "Chansonette," for violin or violoncello and piano, by H. Stiehl. H. KLEN.—"Mdle. Sophia Flora Heilbron's own Musical Box," for the piano; "La mia Marietta," canzone, by L. Gelferi; "God Save the Prince of Wales," new national song, with chorus, by W. Ganz; "One unspoken word," song, by Harriet Young.

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